

# THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

**A Dispassionate and Deliberate Criticism of Mackaye's New Play—A Vivid, Eventful Story—Results of the Literary Test—Effects Produced at the Expense of Probability—Annie Robe's Pronounced Hit—Edwin Booth as Brutus—The Classic Proportions of the Performance—Roach's Luck.**

Mr. Steele Mackaye has now produced his greatest work before a metropolitan audience, and it may be dispassionately and deliberately criticised. Its chief merit, I think everyone will admit, is ingenuity of construction, with the constant effort to produce a crisis. Situation is heaped upon situation, incident follows incident, suspense is relieved in one act only to be awakened by a new complication in the next. And yet the story, forced as it is here and there beyond the limits of plausibility by the exigencies of stage craft, is singularly coherent, strong and interesting.

Its next merit is seen in the use of massed effects. Its ensembles are pictorial, striking and relevant. The costumes of the Bonnets Rouge are thrown against the *sans culottes*; soldiers, Jacobins, rioters, aristocrats, are skilfully massed and handled with the single view to effect, and one entire spectral scene of the guillotine, which lights up suddenly with a phantom glare, is composed in studied groups of a hundred living persons.

These are the merits that strike the sense and will always, when fairly presented, catch popular approval.

Mr. Mackaye's story is vivid, eventful and dramatic. Its atmosphere is surcharged with the fury of the French revolution; the background is sullen and shadowy with impending horrors. The roll of the drum and the tramp of the ravening mob are heard continually, and the rapidity of war events keeps the interest strained to the utmost, and, curiously enough, gave at the first night's performance a strained and anxious demeanor and utterance to the players, as if the pressure of intense incidents made them abandon all repose.

When we come to apply a literary test to this purely dramatic work, we shall begin to ask ourselves if Paul Kauvar would sign blank death-warrants; if, having once determined to go to the scaffold to save the Duke's life and prove to Diane that he was not a traitor, he would afterward escape from the death-cart? The literary sense will be very apt to suspect that Paul Kauvar, with an overweening notion of the effect, has come to the conclusion that the name of a martyr is good enough without the game.

Furthermore, we shall ask ourselves if Diane's father is not a trifle inconsiderate in first saving his daughter from the *sans culottes* at great risk, and then flinging her over to them at the slightest provocation, and if that daughter is not somewhat unreasonable in refusing to stay while he was yet alive with the *sans culottes* she had married, and then flying to him the moment she hears he is dead.

We shall ask ourselves if General Delaroché is not more melodramatic than martial in consenting to change garments with a republican prisoner and escape in the face of an advancing foe. There must be an old literary prejudice in favor of his staying and dying for his cause.

In all this there is a slight strain after effect at the expense of probability, and just exactly how far this strain is excusable under dramatic license would be a nice question. One does not need to go far to learn that nine-tenths of the best melodramas would fall to pieces under the severe test of probability. It would be a case of one-act plays only if Reason were to be the umpire, for every pair of lovers would speak the two or three words of explanation in the first act that would render the misunderstanding and the suffering of the other four unnecessary.

But it will hardly do to hold a really good piece of effective dramatic construction down to literary rules. Mr. Steele Mackaye is a man of almost superhuman emphasis, and it is certain that it is the most emphatic play we have had here in a long time. Everything in it—excepting Miss Annie Robe—is a little over-pronounced. Paul Kauvar rushes to death with a headlong impetuosity, and rushes away from it with equal precipitation. Diane loves her father with a desperation that makes her abandon her own husband, and she denounces that father with an instant abandonment that uses the highest paces of heroism, and she is almost as vehement in her refusal

to acknowledge the man she has married as she is in her desire to kill Carrac with the poignard she takes from her bosom. Potin is almost as forceful in his fear of his wife as he is in defiance of the mob. General Delaroché is as strenuous in his flight from the enemy as he was in his desire to meet them, and Gourco, the plotting villain of the piece, breathes intrigue, machination, villainy and cruelty with a forcefulness which my original friend, Mr. Eli Perkins, would say was worthy of a better cause.

All these people, excepting Miss Annie Robe, are continually at high pressure. Events crowd them so fast that they are pushed a little over their moderation. They shout and bel-low as if it were necessary to be heard above the din of revolution. They use the strongest kind of rhetoric in the strongest tones, and they appeal to Heaven with the wildest gestures at the slightest provocation. When

that he is sitting there disguised under a sacred obligation to keep his mouth sealed for one hour and hears the cries of his wife as the mob bring her in, you will see that the suspense and agony pivot on him and not on the mob. Fancy a Fechter playing the role, or a James Wallack—what a picture of contending emotions would have been presented in the tortured face! Would not every eye have been riveted on that one focus of human interest?

Conceding the highly improbable demand of the effect, that a man of Paul Kauvar's temper and mould would sit still under a formal pledge of courtesy, while a mob is preparing to strip the clothes from his wife, it follows that his herculean effort is the one emotional fact of supreme importance at the moment.

All this was screened on the night of the first performance by the soldiers and mob, who took the scene, and gave vent to all the

of madness. It is the wild notes of the Marseillaise that ring through these speeches, and the Marseillaise wears a special significance when it is sung on the highway by a mob that it does not wear in the boudoir or by the bank of a drowsy summer brook.

After all criticism is exhausted, the fact remains that Paul Kauvar is most massive without being unwieldy; most complicated without being obscure; most vehement in its exposition without ever once resorting to mere clap-trap. Its language may be grandiose, but its purpose is noble. Its methods may be theatrical, but its interest never lags.

If I may be permitted to say so, the performance was not, as a whole, as good as the one seen in Buffalo. In the first place, Mr. Hawthorn utterly failed to fill the ideal of Paul Kauvar presented to us by Mr. Steele Mackaye in person. He made the hero in the first scenes lugubrious, and in the final scenes al-

scene and then swept it away. Annie Robe is not a heroic actress, but like most women of her temperament she can be anything for the time being when the nervous stimulus is great enough. There is no doubt she made a pronounced hit and it may be added that she never had so good an opportunity to exhibit her energy and her tragic determination.

I have not left myself much space to speak of the Booth-Barrett return. Before I do speak of it permit me to ask why it is that at all performances given at the Academy of Music the means of admission to the house are made intolerable enough to deter sensible people from going there? The spectacle of a mob of people jammed into an inner and lateral corridor about ten feet wide, fighting their way to the one ticket-taker while there are doors enough if they were opened for four ticket-takers is an incomprehensible one. This has long been a crying nuisance at the Academy. I have seen ladies have their garments dragged off, I have seen gentlemen with ladies go away rather than get into the jam, I have heard time and time again all sorts of protests and complaints.

The performance of Julius Cæsar was witnessed on Monday night by a magnificent audience. It was a great tribute to the favorite actors, for Julius Cæsar is not a play that can be said to appeal to the masses. It is wholly out of the modern school of play writing; is mainly declamatory, political, oratorical. But the dignity of the performance was notable.

Mr. Edwin Booth, who rests his claims to distinction squarely upon his histrionism, makes a special claim upon thoughtful consideration in the part of Brutus. It is so severely classic in its intents and in its proportions, and so independent of any meretricious aids that it produces the effect somewhat of one of those antique statues, where even grace and perfect harmony fail to strike the eye at once, but grow upon the sense forever.

But it is not that way that the Booth and Barrett entertainment will be estimated. The salient facts are the easiest comprehended by the public, and they are these, the Academy was jammed (to say nothing of that infernal corridor). The actors were welcomed with enthusiasm. The sale for the week is enormous.

So much for home talent.

The other night I went to Jersey City to see Mr. Roach's play of Dan Darcy. You will pardon me for a little extra critical impulse, and let me say how glad I was to see that royal fellow planted at last. I have known and admired him for a long time—among men he is everywhere honored and loved for his great Celtic, spontaneous, deep lunged masculinity. I never knew a man who had so much honest simple man to the square inch as Jim Roach. Ready at all times to die for a friend or after an enemy, often as poor as Gil Blas, he was ever as happy as Ruy Blas, and penniless and brave like Beranger his nature had one strain—"Sing on, sad heart, sing on."

There was a touch of Father Prout's mirth and Tom Moore's pathos in him—the Bells of Shandon echoed in his voice when he sang a song, and the rattle of Lever stirred you when he told a story.

Great, brave fellow, he was like a boy in his honesty. Not even the rub and crush of Bohemia could quite wear away that splendid Irish enthusiasm that lights up the grey eye for those dear old sacred things, so hackneyed and yet so precious—the honor of woman, loyalty to a friend and reverence for all that is sacred.

I always said if Jim Roach got himself upon paper, it would be the best transcript of what is best in the Irish character.

Well, he has got himself into Dan Darcy. When you see that little play you will see a thin and somewhat conventional story, like a fragile thread, but on it he has strung his Irish pearls. The wit flashes in bright rays. The humor and the pathos melt together and the character of Dan Darcy thus illumined stands out like an entirely new acquaintance, and the dainty beauty of it all is like one of those sprigs of Shamrock that you can find nowhere but on the Emerald hills, and that preserve their color and their charm long after all the other "wildings of nature" have dried up and faded.

NYM CRINKLE.

It is stated as among the possibilities of the season of 1888-9 that Theodore Thomas' Orchestra will go to Europe with Herr Rafael Joseffy as the soloist.



MATHILDE MADISON.

General Delaroché has put on the uniform of his prisoner he says he will wear it in honor of the King. (He is going to run away in it.) To this Paul Kauvar, lifting his hat and striking a superb attitude as he refers to the uniform he is himself wearing, replies, "And I will wear this in honor of the King of Kings."

I think melodramatic rhetoric very often trenches upon bathos, but Bulwer lives in the hearts of the gallery. Let us be not too severe.

All this emphasis and forcefulness mounts until it reaches an explosive climax in the mob of the last act, and then the stage is full of emphasis and action.

Animated realism can no farther go. But it seemed to me in looking at this human tumult that it interfered with the central object of interest in the picture, which central object is Paul Kauvar. When you remember

pent-up feelings that had previously not been provided with adequate expressions.

Here I might pause in the ungrateful task of seeking defects, and take up the more worthy task of discovering merits.

Mr. Mackaye's purpose in the drama is to show patriotism, love, conjugal fidelity and bravery under the most effective dramatic conditions. He has put these motives into action. Properly weighed the amount of talk is to the action as one to three. Then too much of this talk is in an inflated rhetoric.

"The torch of liberty in the hands of madmen lights a blaze that leaves nothing but ashes."

How much that sounds like Bulwer, and Bulwer has written two of the most effective plays in the English repertoire. Besides, one must concede to the rhetoric the vehemence and the grandiose air of a tirade

most mock heroic. He lacked the dignity and repose of an ideal hero. I am perfectly free to confess, now that I have seen another actor in the part, that I prefer the author in it. He at least gave it the intelligent, subordinated impetuosity that he had conceived for it, and spoke the declamatory lines with a significance that left no doubt of the author's meaning.

But it must be said that the Buffalo cast was an exceptional one, never again to be repeated. It is not possible to get De Belleville, Henry Lee, Eben Plympton and Matt Snyder once more into the same parts because they all want to play the part of Paul Kauvar.

It will never be possible to add the romantic and pictorial beauty which Genevieve Lytton gave it.

As for Miss Annie Robe, she won her laurels in the scene with her father in the third act. She judiciously saved herself for that



## At the Theatres.

## STANDARD THEATRE—PAUL KAUVAR, OR ANARCHY.

Paul Kauvar..... Joseph Horworth  
Duc de Beaumont..... Edwin Varrey  
Marquis de Vaux..... Wilton Lackaye  
General Delaroché..... R. F. Horning  
Abbe de St. Simon..... Leslie Stevens  
Colonel La Mure..... Sidney Drew  
Dodoche Potin..... G. D. Fawcett  
Boudotte..... Edward Coleman  
Diane de Beaumont..... Annie Robe  
Navette Potin..... Louise Rial  
Scarlotte..... Lillie Eldridge

The first performance in this city of Steele Mackaye's drama, Paul Kauvar, took place at the Standard last Saturday night under circumstances and amid surroundings which were not conducive to a fair judgment of its final acceptance at the hands of the public. The house was filled with the author's friends and admirers, and shortly after the play began their intention to make the event a burrah from beginning to end was made manifest. The cool-headed observer frequently found this indiscriminate clamorous spirit a detriment to the smooth progress of the performance as well as an annoyance. Mr. Mackaye himself shared this feeling in some measure, for in order to end the thoughtless and untimely interruption of the action at a critical point early in the evening he was forced to make an anachronistic appearance in his claw-hammer and beg the tumultuous auditors to allow the piece to proceed. It was a clear case of "save me from my friends."

The noise made by the spectators was infectious. It swept across the footlights and converted the stage into a declamatory spiro-meter. The actors put on the full pressure of steam, and that no snapping of vocal cords resulted was a marvel. The men engaged in a go-as-you-please howling-match, while the women screamed in a manner that sometimes threatened to put the former to shame. Then the orchestra—which was even more intrusive than the orchestra generally are during melodramatic representations—did its humble share to augment the general din, while in the last act a lusty-lunged mob—one-hundred-and-fifty strong—came to the front just when the principals began to show signs of cacophonous collapse. The tumult did not subside with the fall of the curtain on the last act. The audience, having had a period of temporary rest, broke forth in boisterous cheers, the gallery doing its full share in the matter of shrill catcalls and penetrating whistles. Mr. Mackaye made a speech which so tickled the stage mob that they cheered and cheered again. Instead of being played out by the orchestra the spectators were played out by the yells of the unrestrained *sans culottes*. It is safe to say that the friendly enthusiasm of that *premiere*, and the noble efforts of everybody in the cast of Paul Kauvar to outdo one another in noisy utterance will literally ring in the spectators' ears for many a day to come.

We have dwelt thus copiously on this phase of the affair because it was its most remarkable feature. To pass by in silence a feature that so loudly demanded notice without comment would be decidedly unfair.

More than any other work that he has presented Paul Kauvar illustrates Mr. Mackaye's skill in stage-craft. It betrays a fertility of arrangement, an ingenuity of dramatic device and a variety of theatrical cunning that combine to show us how prolific the brilliant author is in all those materials wherewith dramas are fashioned that capture the suffrages of the multitude. Almost at the rising of the curtain the audience are plunged into a melodramatic whirlpool, whose action is intense and unrelenting; whose situations seethe forth with a rapidity that paralyzes thoughtful consideration. Round and round it spins with steadily increasing acceleration, taking on a tinge of red that speedily deepens until it becomes a steaming crimson revolution of blood. There is little or no attempt to get at the spectators' approval through heart or brain—it appeals through the senses, precisely as the bestial madness of the Reign of Terror was conceived and carried on in sensuality of the basest, blackest kind. In this respect at least the theme and the treatment correspond. Whenever the author discards the harsh pen of the realist he mounts into an artificial atmosphere of mock-heros. The speeches of the young hero are usually as flatulent as they are ill-timed. He declaims empty phrases, to his wife and she replies in kind; he hurls trite and bombastic republican sentiments at the aristocratic General Delaroché, and the aristocratic General Delaroché returns the worthy fire with hisalutin verbosity and corresponding readiness. The dialogue is mostly fustian; except in the speech of the Abbe de St. Simon in the prison of the Conciergerie wherein, with remarkable force and pith, the origin and the fate of the revolutionary movement are summarized; and the description of Carrac, the arch-anarchist and his class, which occurs in the fifth act. Fortunately for Paul Kauvar it does not belong to the order of dramatic composition that depends mainly upon dialogue for success. Its vital elements are action, incident and situation, and in these it is strong enough to win the favor of the crowd.

There is no need to discuss the political or historical value of the play. It has little pertinence or significance in either direction. The dark days of the Terror have been burned into literature by master-minds, while the ungarished records banded down to us of that awful time are sufficiently ample to give all the insight into it that is necessary. Mr. Mackaye has not, like Charles Dickens, mingled the

historic with the artistic in his treatment, although he has quite naturally, if not pardonably, used in a different manner many of the same materials. Red caps, blank warrants, tumbrils, dungeons, the guillotine—these are the things which must form the background of every story or drama whose scene is laid in that period; the author's work is to blend them with the elements of romance, chivalry and heroism. These elements Mr. Mackaye has grasped, in a crude and imperfect, if theatrically efficient way. The resemblance of his piece to "A Tale of Two Cities" has been noted. But it is not so marked as to warrant the charge that the playwright has sinned against Dickens. There is some similarity in the prison and tribunal episodes, but it is slight, while the saving of one man by another from the guillotine by means of personation is entirely different in the attendant circumstances in the play.

Mr. Mackaye's comedy utterly lacks spontaneity. He has not one grain of humor, and therefore the characters of Potin and his manish spouse are devoid of a gleam of fun. They are introduced, it is presumed, to afford contrast. But instead of lightening the sombre scenes they simply intensify their gloom. Potin and Nanette are comic in intent, but gloomy in fact.

Improbable and absurd as are some portions of the story, its development is unquestionably interesting. There is a vast deal of anxiety procured by means of clever construction. It is a compliment to Mr. Mackaye's ingenuity that the auditors do not find opportunity for considerate investigation until he has left the theatre, such is the constancy of suspense and surprise. Event is piled upon event with a rapidity that makes one hold one's breath. This method of holding attention is effectual, if necessarily somewhat reckless and regardless of probability. The fickle mob is used with startling vigor. The groupings are picturesque. Paul's dream of the execution is an impressively realistic tableau. It awakened tremendous enthusiasm.

The cast did not reach the expectations naturally excited by some of the names composing it, Miss Robe being the single exception. She resisted the prevailing temptation to rant, and with blended earnestness, passionate tenderness, and womanly sweetness carried off the honors of the night. Her words of defiance at the close of the third act were uttered with a power that electrified the house. We are so accustomed to seeing Miss Robe in roles of a softer, gentler sort, that her triumph at this point was a genuine surprise. In Mr. Horning's performance of the title role there were moments of exceptional strength. During the first act his best work was done. From that on he gave way too often to the tendency to rant. This nullified some really good efforts, because the whole performance, pitched in one strained and boisterous key, afforded no chance for relief or contrast. Mr. Horning has an abundance of fire and facility for passionate expression, but it needs curbing within the limits of artistic effect. No doubt, when the nervousness incidental to the first night wears entirely away, the impersonation will be tempered with discretion. The same criticism applies to Mr. Horning, in the character of the young General, although as the Abbe in the prison he tempered his acting with more discretion. Mr. Varrey was wooden as the Duc de Beaumont. His was not the composure of a self-contained gentleman of the old regime, but rather the stolidity of the figure in front of the cigar-shop. Mr. Varrey is an actor of such experience that his unintelligent—to put it mildly—delivery of many of the lines surprised us. It is necessary that the actor, in order to give the quality of sincerity to his work, should convince us that he both feels and thinks. Mr. Varrey failed to convince us of either. Mr. Lackaye, as the renegade nobleman and public accuser, presented to our view a picturesque villain. But he was conventional and sloven in utterance. Mr. Allen as the explosive Colonel, Mr. Drew as Potin, and Mr. Fawcett as Carrac did themselves credit. Miss Rial displayed a good deal of genuine ability in the small part of Nanette. Miss Eldridge looked reckless and comely enough to head a mob to perdition, if need be. The play was excellently staged. There are three scenes exhibited—the study of Kauvar, the prison of the Conciergerie and the interior of the chateau at La Vendée.

Mr. Mackaye, in his speech, expressed the hope that Anarchy would succeed on the stage and nowhere else. Recent developments in Illinois and at the Standard point to the complete realization of this hope, in the popular sense at least.

## ACADEMY OF MUSIC—JULIUS CÆSAR.

Brutus..... Edwin Booth  
Cassius..... Lawrence Barrett  
Marc Antony..... E. J. Buckley  
Julius Cæsar..... John A. Lane  
Decius..... Charles Collins  
Cicero..... Ben. G. Rogers  
Octavius Cæsar..... Lawrence Hanley  
Metellus Cimbrius..... L. J. Henderson  
Trebonius..... Charles B. Sanford  
First Citizen..... Owen Fawcett  
Portia..... Minna K. Gale  
Calpurnia..... Elizabeth Robins

The Academy was crowded upstairs and down on Monday evening when Messrs. Booth and Barrett began their two weeks' engagement in Julius Cæsar. The brilliant and vociferously enthusiastic audience was a magnificent tribute to the genius and the greatness of Edwin Booth, and the acclaim of the night made the blood of many an old playgoer tingle with pleasurable excitement.

To the dual alliance Booth brings the histrionism and Barrett the stage-management. Although there are many that would prefer to see the foremost tragedian of the age in a barn to any lesser light surrounded by the most gorgeous scenic trappings, it is none the less gratifying to be able to view his achievements amid surroundings that are artistically adequate. Aside from the memorable beauties of Booth's Brutus it is now seen for the first time in many years in a worthy setting. The noble tragedy is presented with imposing scenery, a cast of more than ordinary excellence, a numerous band of trained auxiliaries, and an attention to minor details that insures a smooth and even representation. For these features the public has to thank Lawrence Barrett, the painstaking director of the stage.

To dwell upon Booth's Brutus at this late day would be painting the lily. The notable impression effected by the superb impersonation on Monday night was its lofty purpose and unflinching conscientiousness. Brutus is intellectual, introspective, passive and elocutionary. It is not a dramatic role. It demands the finest qualities of expression, and it finds them in an eminent degree in Edwin Booth. Cassius is a character having the nervous springs of action; Antony is replete with fiery speeches and showy declamation. But on Monday night there was not a moment when Brutus was on the scene that Booth did not dominate it and dwarf the rest—the giant hand of his intellectuality easily held the vast assemblage in its palm. This Brutus is not wrapped in the midst of doubtful subtleties—the toga drapes but does not conceal a man of noble aim, of highest purpose, of mental grandeur. The meaning of the Master is interpreted in a form so massive and distinct that it is conveyed with perfect truth and unerring force to every observer. It is not history, but it is Shakespeare. Brutus' travail in the garden before the birth of the plan of patriotism; the sacrificial significance of his sword thrust in the Senate; his supreme tolerance of the testy ire of Cassius; his superb subjugation of domestic grief in the presence of public duty, and the tender regard of the chieftain for the comfort of his weary page—these were a few of the points in the splendid personation that worked potently upon the intelligence and the sympathies of the auditors. Strength and tenderness and the nobility of an aspiring mentality were all combined in this classic characterization.

In Cassius Lawrence Barrett is probably seen at his best, although his faulty elocution suffers sadly by contrast with the rich, melodious, exquisitely modulated reading of his great colleague. The lean and hungry, grasping and choleric characteristics of the part were well delineated by the actor in so far as manner and intent went. But Mr. Barrett is uncompromisingly preachy and excessively awkward. His nasal vocality, his droning eccentricities of inflection, his misdirected emphases, convert Shakespeare's rhythmic lines into a resemblance to a camp-meeting exhortation. Mr. Barrett was least offensive in these respects during the earlier acts. In the tent scene his explosive delivery approached the result of a spark in a pile of fire-works. To his skill as a stage-director we are greatly indebted, but if he would confine his efforts to this department the obligation would be infinitely increased.

Mr. Buckley's Antony was an utter disappointment. He is an admirable actor in modern plays, but as a Shakespearean illustrator he does not meet even the minor requirements. His delivery is jerky and his elocution as false as Mr. Barrett's. The oration in the forum scene was flavored with the accent and the manner of the political whang-doodler. We will not designate all the errors, for that would require a complete review of the former scene. Mr. Buckley made the mistake of standing in front of Cæsar's bier in the latter portion of this scene and addressing the audience instead of the mob. He wore a black tunic, for which there is no warrant, as black was not the mourning color of the Romans. The speech was anti-climaxed several times, so that the impassioned lines after the departure of the crowd lacked force and went for naught. Moreover, Mr. Buckley misconceived the text in that he made it appear that Antony was indeed "a plain, blunt man," instead of a crafty orator whose assumption of simplicity is but a cunning device to fire the mob to revolt against the conspirators and assassins. Mr. Rogers was a capital Cæsar. Miss Gale has caught many of Mr. Barrett's faults of utterance. Otherwise than in this regard her Portia was fraught with solicitude and feeling.

## PEOPLE'S THEATRE—OUR JENNIE.

Larry Fogarty..... John T. Burke  
James Walton..... J. J. Macready  
Jinks..... J. W. Summers  
Willie Wilkie..... Collin Vary  
Frank Farr..... Fred. M. Mayer  
Bridget Fogarty..... Emily Stowe  
Mrs. Farr..... Addie Eaton  
Our Jennie..... Jennie Yeamans

Jennie Yeamans danced herself into popular favor at the People's on Monday, presenting for the first time in this city the piece written for her by Clay Greene, Our Jennie. Though written for the purpose of introducing Miss Yeamans in a number of songs, dances and banjo solos, it was a well connected story, dealing with the estrangement of husband and wife, the abduction of the daughter by the father, and the endeavors of the mother who has become blind, to discover the former after a number of years. In this they are assisted by

one Jinks, a brother of the father, who had falsely sworn him into State Prison for a term of ten years. Jinks, or Henry, as he proves to be, upon being released devotes his life to revenge, and commences by telling the daughter Jennie, of her father's true character, and trying to turn her against him. In the end, however, the family are brought together and all ends happily.

Miss Yeamans as Jennie was bright and her numerous songs and banjo solos gave great satisfaction to the packed house. Her voice is very sweet, and her imitations in the second act were loudly encored. John T. Burke as Larry Fogarty, a washerwoman's son, and Jennie's lover, but who proves to be the abducted son of wealthy parents, gave a quiet and finished performance. J. W. Summers made a hit as Jinks, a Happy Jack character. J. J. Macready as James Walton, a cruel husband and an indulgent father, Collin Vary, as a duke, Fred M. Mayer as Frank Farr, the son; and Emily Stowe, as Bridget Fogarty, a daughter of toil, all acquitted themselves creditably. Addie Eaton, as Mrs. Farr, the blind and suffering mother, won the sympathy of the audience. The scenery, especially the view of New York Harbor in the second act, was very good. Next week T., P., and W.

## NIBLO'S GARDEN—A RUN OF LUCK.

Harry Copley..... Forrest Robinson  
John Copley..... W. H. Crompton  
Squire Selby..... J. F. Dean  
George Selby..... Fred. G. Ross  
Capt. Arthur Trevor..... Frank Loece  
Charley Sandown..... D. J. Maguinis  
Jim Ladybird..... Frank E. Lamb  
Daisy Copley..... Minnie Radcliffe  
Mabel Selby..... Lillian Lee  
Anst. Mary..... Mrs. W. G. Jones  
Mrs. Willmore..... Florence Robinson  
Lucy Byfield..... Grace Thorne

For Christmas week the management of Niblo's Garden presented to its patrons a new play entitled A Run of Luck, written by the well-known English playwrights, Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. The piece is of the realistic melo-dramatic order, and is simple in both plot and story. The latter relates the experiences of two sons of a wealthy English squire—one the recognized heir, bad and profligate—the other good, but unacknowledged by the father, and, at the first, presumed to be illegitimate. Through the machinations of two designing villains the lives of the two young men, as well as those of their sweethearts, are greatly circumvented, but eventually justice and morality triumph. The outcast is acknowledged as the genuine heir through an early marriage, and the bad one's debts are paid by the father just as his race-horse succeeds in winning more than enough to cover the good old gentleman's outlay. Horses and dogs form a prominent feature of the play, and their appearance and carefully managed movements drew forth tumultuous applause. The Last Meet in the third act, where a full pack of hounds come baying on the stage, was realistic and worthy of praise; so also was the closing scene of the play, in which the spectators were treated to a view of a race-course, crowds of people, a grand stand, and five flying horses and jockeys.

As ordinary melo-dramas go the piece was fairly well cast, although many of the players appeared to be under the impression that they were required to use their lungs to the fullest extent. Frank Loece, as Captain Trevor, and D. A. Maguinis as Sandown were excellent. These two portrayed the villains in the play and both were soundly hissed when the entire company passed before the curtain at the close of the second act.

Forrest Robinson as Harry Copley was effective, and Grace Thorne and Minnie Radcliffe acceptable in the roles of Lucy Byfield and Daisy Copley respectively. The piece was carefully staged, the mechanical effects worked smoothly, and the scenery was frequently picturesque and elaborate. A Run of Luck will no doubt prove to be a popular success.

The Hanlons are back at the Fourteenth Street Theatre with that lively bit of incoherent nonsense Le Voyage en Suisse. It brings in all the well-known and amusing *trucs*; the overturned coach, the sleeping-car, the explosion and all the rest of the amusing machinery and horse play so appropriate at this holiday pantomime season. The Hanlons are deft, easy and graceful in their quaint jugglery and cool impudence as the roguish valets, and the little children were—to all feminine appreciation—"just too sweet for anything." The rest of the personages racket and tumble about with an easy indifference as to their noses, shins and elbows which tells of charmed lives, and the whole production while it seems intended for the little people, mainly stirs Homeric laughter in the holiday humor of their elders.

Christmas Eve—reputedly the worst night, theatrically speaking, in the year, was chosen by Mr. Florence to give his well-known personation of Captain Cuttle in John Brougham's version of Dombey and Son at the Star. The son of Charles Dickens was present in a box. Mr. Florence's Cuttle requires no special comment, for the performance has passed into stage history, where the gallant mariner occupies an enviable place. Clarence Montaine as Dombey, Henry Pierson as Carker, Stella Boniface as Edith and Eleanor Lane as Florence were notable features in the cast.

Immense audiences are the rule at the Grand Opera House this week, where Nat Goodwin is to be seen in the double bill, Lend Me Five

Shillings and Turned Up. This is the first time Mr. Goodwin has appeared before a New York audience as Mr. Golligher, and he has made a hit. In Turned Up he simply brought the house down, and after the second act was called out five times on the first night. Mr. Goodwin has surrounded himself with an excellent company, all of whom came in for plenty of applause. Gus Williams in Keppler's Fortune is the attraction for next week.

On Monday night in the presence of a large and delighted house the Florences presented themselves in the ever-welcome Mighty Dollar. The drolleries of the Hon. Bardwell Slope and the malapropisms of Mrs. Giffory were freshly and amusingly illustrated by the comedian and his wife, while the latter ravished feminine eyes with some gorgeous gowns. J. J. Fitzsimmons as the nancyish Charlie Brood, Mr. Bell as the English lord, and Belle Pierson as "Libby, Dear," distinguished themselves in the support, whose work viewed in its entirety was excellent. Next Monday the German actress Hedwig Niemann-Raabe begins a fortnight's engagement at this theatre.

At the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night an overflowing house strained their risibilities over Fan on the Bristol, a hackneyed vehicle for specialty people. Louise Arnot as the Widow O'Brien was ludicrously amusing, and was roundly applauded. Carlotta Bordeaux as Belle gave a few lively steps in plantation dances. The rest of the company, though not particularly meritorious, seemed to give general satisfaction. The Kimball Comedy company in Mam'zelle next week.

Toys and candies are given to the children from the stage at Dockstader's every night this week, while the adults find plenty of variety in the vocal selections and some new skits and sketches.

Tony Pastor as usual is equal to the holiday demands, and is presenting a fine entertainment at his theatre this week. Included in the programme are such clever people as Annie and Andy Hughes, Woodson and Bennett, Max Pettingill, Del Oro and others. A visit to Tony Pastor's is as necessary at Christmas tide as three square meals a day.

On Monday there was a large audience at the Fifth Avenue drawn thither by Mr. Mansfield's appearance in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The piece, as THE MIRROR said some months ago, is an unpleasant one. Admirably clever as the star's dual personation is it leaves behind uncomfortable recollections. The skill of Mr. Mansfield's assumptions demands unqualified commendation. His portrayals are remarkable, while the transformation from Hyde to Jekyll on the stage in the spectators' sight is, in its way, a wonderful achievement. Miss Cameron's Agnes and Miss Sheridan's Rebecca are excellent bits of work. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde will be continued two weeks. Then for the concluding week of the engagement A Parisian Romance will be put up.

On Saturday afternoon The Henrietta's hundredth representation will take place at the Union Square. Souvenirs will, of course, be distributed. Not in a good while has a drama more deserved to attain such a gratifying anniversary.

Madelon, with its delightfully pretty girls, its charming music, funny text, and exquisite *mise en scene*, richly deserves the popularity it has achieved at the Casino. The public, whose verdict at first seemed doubtful, have given their unanimous vote to the charming production.

Elaine will run a few weeks longer at the Madison Square. The piece was seen by a large and appreciative professional audience last Thursday afternoon by Manager Palmer's invitation. Heart of Hearts, Henry Jones' comedy, was put in rehearsal a few days ago. Next Wednesday the Madison Square Concert company will begin a series of seven afternoon concerts. The organization is a quartet consisting of Imogen Brown, Lizzie MacNichol, C. C. Ferguson and Francis Walker.

The Wife is going smoothly along at the Lyceum. When people have tired seeing it—which time may be a long way off yet—Featherbrain will be brought out.

Pete is drawing immense holiday houses at the Park. Mr. Harrigan has never, in the course of his successful career, presented a play that has met with greater favor from the New York public.

## The Musical Mirror.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—EURYANTHE.  
Ludwig VI..... Herr Elmlad  
Adolar..... Herr Alvary  
Euryanthe..... Herr Fischer  
Eurymachus..... Frl. Schmidt  
Eglantine..... Frl. Brandt

When Weber's now famous opera, Euryanthe, had its first performance at Vienna, in 1823, with Sonntag in the title role, it met with the usual fate of strong and revolutionary works. The critics fell upon it with blame and exception for its novel and eccentric composition, and even Beethoven, we are told, pronounced the score "an accumulation of diminished sevenths." Heard nearly three quarters of a century later, much of this critical heat seems



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THE BLACK THORN.











## NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR

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Leahy, John A.

\*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Professionals who are not at the present time fulfilling engagements will advantage themselves and confer a favor upon us by sending at once to the Editor of THE MIRROR names, permanent addresses and line of business. This request applies to the ladies and gentlemen in every branch of stage-work, and to business managers, advance agents, etc. The information is required for use in the Professional Directory, which will be a feature of the Mirror Annual for 1888, to be published next month. It will furnish a means of direct and free communication between actor and manager, and therefore will prove of great benefit to both. In sending, write on a single sheet of paper in the following order:

1. Name.
2. Permanent address.
3. Line of business.

## Weigh It Well.

There is a movement on foot to divide up the old American Dramatic Fund among the surviving members and close it up. So far as its utility is concerned, the Association might just as well as not go out of existence. It has accumulated a considerable sum, but its paltry annuities do no particular good, while the majority of the members are sufficiently prosperous to be assured against ever needing aid.

If the Fund is divided every person belonging to it will receive a few hundreds of dollars. To the stars and leading actors

interested this windfall would be of minor consideration. The money was raised or contributed for charitable work, and into some worthy charitable channel it ought ultimately to pass.

If the Dramatic Fund people are determined to wind it up, why not let them do a good act that will make them and their moribund Association beloved by the profession? Why not turn the money over to the Actors' Fund, where it will be of practical benefit to the sick and the destitute? By its Act of Incorporation the Actors' Fund Association is authorized to merge with the Dramatic Fund. The trustees of the former Association have already signified their willingness to guarantee double the sums now received to the annuitants of the elder society for life, as they can easily afford to do.

Under these circumstances where is the objection to the fusion of the superannuated and useless with the young, strong and practical? Surely, there is no well-to-do person connected with the Dramatic Fund who would prefer to put a few dollars in his own pocket—dollars raised for charitable disposition—when by turning the aggregate over to the Actors' Fund it could be applied to helping those that are always with us and be an inestimable boon to thousands of sufferers.

Gentlemen Directors of the Dramatic Fund, think this matter over carefully, weigh it well, and do what you know to be right and best.

## Other Wonders.

In the pursuit of one thing it seems to be the habit of the American mind to forget all other things and to pay little heed to what Medicus calls compatibles. For instance, we have before us a juvenile performer, Josef Hofmann, who staggers savants and experts by rousing on the piano a variety of musical notes, at the age of ten, as if his achievement was altogether beyond nature. In trying to account for it spectators lose themselves and conclude to regard it as an exceptional miracle of which young Josef just now holds the patent.

Instead of a supernatural sleight-of-hand his work lies directly in the line of nature. If we once consider that from the beginning of the world there have been executors of one class and another who have fascinated mankind by what has been accepted as inspiration. It has been always claimed for great poets and other men of genius that they labored under an impetus which prompted them to transcend all ordinary work: This single and simple recollection, if allowed for, would speedily supersede and account for the Donnelly outcries as to the wonderful work wrought out by Shakespeare and would supply all the gaps in his personal and literary career. It is as a great genius or inspired man that the world has always looked upon Shakespeare.

By way of cumulative evidence of such possibilities, we may pass over from man, the master of creation, to his fellow creatures of other orders and discover like movements and results. Take the bird, for example, which sings by the hour, apparently untaught, melodies of unrivalled scope and sweetness, emanating from a throat and brain of far less physical capacity than that of man. Examples might be cited which would more than counterpoint young Hofmann in which the feathered songsters have gone far beyond the prodigies of human cleverness. We may cite the case of a chaffinch, which, in June, 1883, being carefully watched and timed from its first burst of song at day-break, was found to have repeated its shortened and hurried strain more than three hundred times, with intervals of eight or nine seconds only. Can Josef beat that with his relatively big head and body?

## Personal.

POSSART.—Ernst Possart, the German, will give twenty performances in this city, and then start for Chicago and the West.

SCHOTT.—Herr Anton Schott, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, has presented the Protestant Community of Abenberg, Bavaria, with a house of worship.

HARRIS.—Manager P. Harris, of Baltimore, and family are on a pleasure trip to New Orleans. They are the guests of Hutchinson, the circus manager, Mr. Harris' one-time partner.

HUNTINGTON.—Wright Huntington, whose craving ambition is to appear in a good role in the heart of the metropolis, is tantalizingly near the goal this week in Harlem, where he is playing Louis Percival in Jim the Penman.

WARD.—John F. Ward produced the English comedy, the Pickpocket, adapted for America, in Chattanooga, Tenn., last week. The adaptation is by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus. All concerned look upon the production as a success.

CAREY.—Edna Carey was only three days out of an engagement. She has been secured to play the leading part in A Dark Secret in place of Adeline Stanhope, who resigned. Miss Carey spent the Christmas holidays with her mother at her Catskill home.

THANKS.—At the conclusion of the first performance of Anarchy at the Standard Theatre on last Saturday night Steele Mackaye thanked the company warmly for their work. A supper will be given to the company on the occasion of the fiftieth performance.

MCCAULL.—John A. McCaull suffered a fall on Tuesday while crossing a street in Chicago in company with David Henderson. He will be confined to his room for some time. It was found that a small bone on the outside of the right ankle had been broken and that one of the tendons of the leg had been strained.

## The Rudiments.

Mispronunciations and inelegancies of pronunciation still linger on the stage; and they still linger in considerable numbers in some of those companies one would expect to find the fewest in. One of these companies is that of Mr. Louis James and Miss Marie Wainwright. Misplaced accents are rare compared with their frequency a year ago; but, as yet, the stage does not pay so much attention to the correct sounding of the vowels as is necessary if it would conform to what is recognized as polite usage. In this particular neither Mr. James himself nor Miss Wainwright is altogether free from reproach.

PERSON. The *e* that occurs in this and in many other words Mr. James pronounces like the *u*, which is contrary to all authority.

MOLDED. The pronunciation of this word that Mr. James seems to prefer is antiquated. Walker sounded the *o* long, but the later orthoepists prefer to sound it short; and this pronunciation has been pretty generally adopted by the stage.

GALLUS. Walker, Webster, Worcester, Smart and other recognized authorities would have us pronounce the word *gallus*.

ALEXANDER. Mr. James pronounces this name as though it were written *el*. The *a* is properly pronounced like the *a* in *alcoholic*.

BETROTH. There is little authority—none worth heeding—for making the *o* of this word long and the *th* soft. The second syllable is pronounced like the word *truth*.

ACTOR. The *o* of this word is not the *o* of *for*. It is sounded like the second *u* in *sulphur*.

CITIZEN. Mr. Huebner pronounces this word *citium*. This gentleman's pronunciation of English is excellent—for a German, but it is not as good as it must be if he would rival those that were to the accent born. I doubt whether he ever pronounces the last syllable of words ending in *y* or in *ies* correctly. His pronunciation would need to be mended in many directions before it would compare favorably with that of a cultured Englishman or American.

SERVICE. Mr. Charles Mackay pronounced the word as he would if it were written *survive*, while *honest* he pronounced *honust*, *world* and *word*, *world* and *word*, *perfect*, *purfact* and so on and on. If Mr. Mackay would make his utterance what an actor's should be, he should begin by giving special attention to English orthoepy. His pronunciation is very faulty.

OFFICE. There are many persons, and Mr. Mosley is one of them, that pronounce this word *awfice*. The *o* is short, as in *odd*, *occupy*, *ocular*.

MISS WAINWRIGHT's long *u*'s sometimes sound very like long double *e*, and unless I misheard, she pronounces *occasion* as though it were written with one *e*. ALFRED AYRES.

## Mr. Cowper's Trip Across.

Will C. Cowper has returned from England after a three months' visit. His principal reason for going over was to visit his mother, who had been reported very ill, but when he left she was greatly improved in health.

"The passage back lingered into twenty days," he said to a MIRROR reporter, "the strong head winds being something awful. I am an old sailor, though, and the result was that I was but little inconvenienced. I had a splendid time in London, being attended about by Charles Warner and Yorkie Stephens, who are right jolly good fellows. They made me an honorary member of the Savage and Green-corn clubs, and while over there I arranged for all my plays to be represented by Tom Burnside. Negotiations are being carried on with Mrs. Bernard Beere for the play which Rose Coghlan had—The Idol of the Hour; with Yorkie Stephens for the play Viola Allen starred in, Talked About, and with Agnes Hewitt for Blackmail.

"Acting as the representative of my wife, I have also purchased and brought over with me three new plays. The one that I think the most of is called Wreck and Rescue. It is by W. Fairlie, and is a sensational comedy-drama in four acts. The other two are Kith and Kin, a four-act drama, by a Mr. Roberts, and the other I shall probably call The Chance Child. It is a melodrama by an anonymous author. Wreck and Rescue is a decidedly strong play, and I shall put it on the road, opening in Chicago in January at the Haymarket Theatre. It tells a story of London life, the hero being a young detective. He makes nine disguises during the action. The sensational scene is an escape the like of which has never been attempted on any stage. An immense chasm is represented, taking up the entire width of the stage, and the hero and heroine escape together by swinging over it on a rope. I leave for Chicago on next Tuesday, and if Wreck and Rescue doesn't make a hit I

shall be ready to admit that I am no judge of what the public like in the way of sensation."

## Gifts and Other Cheer of Christmas.

The theatrical profession is proverbial for its generosity and charity, and at Christmastide the long array of gifts which the prominent members of the craft can show equal if not surpass in number and value that of any profession. Edward Aronson, of the Casino, was a particularly lucky manager. His presents consisted of a gold pen and a bachelor's set. W. C. Miner, Jr., manager of the Brooklyn Theatre, was presented with a massive umbrella. John Braham, of the Casino, was given a toilet set. Max Freeman was the recipient of a diamond pin, a silver-headed umbrella and cane, a silver match-safe and any number of pocket and letter books. William S. Clark, of the People's Theatre, was presented with a Knight of Pythias charm.

Thomas Baker, Treasurer of the Bunch of Keys company, received eight presents from the members of the organization, each of the male members of which were presented with silk suspenders, handsomely embroidered, valued at \$15 a pair. Charles Frohman was the recipient of about seventy-five presents, ranging from diamond cuff-buttons to waste-paper baskets. On Christmas eve Charles Overton received a very pleasant remembrance from Charles Warner in the shape of \$800 royalties on Held by the Enemy, sent just prior to the English actor's departure for Australia. Edward Harrigan received a large solitaire, valued at \$300, from his wife, while Mart Hanley presented him with an imported silk umbrella with a gold handle. Lew Dockstader fared particularly well. He was given a gold watch and chain by Mrs. Dockstader; the Madrigal boys presented him with a costly mouchair, and a French lady, a patron of the house, sent him a silver-plated tamborine, which he used for the first time on Monday. In return Mr. Dockstader is having made and will present during the present week to all the dramatic editors of this city, a pretty Christmas souvenir, consisting of a hand-painted celluloid blotting pad on which will be the name of the recipient. Frank Perley, manager of Dockstader's, received a pair of diamond sleeve-buttons from a number of Philadelphia newspaper men.

Martin W. Hanley, manager for Harrigan's Park Theatre, was presented by Mr. Harrigan with an ebony cane with gold head. A friend of W. S. Mullaly, the musical director of Dockstader's, presented his little daughter, Ida, with a pony. Mrs. Langtry presented her manager, Mr. Keogh, with a hunting-case gold watch, inscribed. Nat Goodwin received from three members of his company an after-dinner set of Dresden china, while another member gave him a silver-mounted umbrella. Bijou Fernandez received two diamond rings, a silver watch, a gold breast pin, a pocket-book with a twenty-dollar gold piece, another with a gold piece, a fan, a dressing-case, an autograph and a photograph album and no end of toys.

The Christmas party to the stage children held at Clarendon Hall on Sunday night was a jolly affair. It was 8 o'clock, or a little after, when the children came, and from that time until almost 12 they had nothing to do but listen to songs and recitations, eat candy, nuts, apples and oranges, and dazzle their eyes over as pretty a collection of dolls and toys as was ever seen. Genial Fred Lubin, who had given the hall free, was as happy as any modern Santa Claus could be, while Gus Heckler, who is thoroughly at home in making everybody about him happy, enjoyed himself to his heart's content. THE MIRROR representative kept up his reputation for never letting a dance go by. There were ladies of the profession there, too, and some of the prettiest that grace the boards. Jennie and Minnie Williams were omnipresent; Jessie Storey, of the Union Square Theatre company, floated hither and thither, and Pearl Eytling, Emily Norcross, Lavinia Shannon, Marion Earle and others helped the little ones in their endeavors to consume ice-cream and cake.

Among the children who were present were Kittie Clarendon, "Little Brown Jug," Bijou Fernandez, May Haines, Lillie Leach, Lillie Craig, Mamie and Annie Ryan, Lillie Ingram, Johnny Hughes, Nettie Lower, Mattie Johnson, Olive Murphy, Nettie Leuri, Hannah and Lillie Wetter, Emma Purcell, Mollie Orr, Emma Richards, Kenneth Barnes Clarendon, Lillie Ingram, who recited "An Old Maid's Prayer;" Gertie Hornan who sang; Clarence Worrall, ten years of age, who surprised the company by his wonderful execution of a cornet solo, and Lillie Heckler, who sang Marshall P. Wilder, Jennie Williams and Lole Fuller recited for the children, while Morris Phillips acted as accompanist.

The full list of contributors is as follows: Elbridge T. Gerry, Al. Hayman, Kate Forsyth, Daniel Frohman, Henry Irving, A. H. Hummel, Ellen Terry, Lawrence Barrett, N. C. Goodwin, Edwin Booth, Charles T. Parloe, the Grass Widow company, Dan'l Sully, Alice Brown, Fred de Belleville, Charles N. Schroeder, Rosina Vokes, Mrs. Langtry, Annie Summerville, Sallie Williams, Ed. Stokes, Mrs. H. C. Miner, Louisa Eldridge and Mrs. Frank Leslie. Mrs. E. L. Fernandez was presented by the children with a wicker chair on which was a card bearing the words, "From Your Best Babies."

The Lyceum Theatre company was well remembered by its friends. Georgia Cayvan received no less than an fifty-nine presents. Herbert Kelcey was presented with a solid oxidized silver toilet set of seven pieces; Charles S. Dickson got a most elaborate dressing-gown and the other members a variety of valuable presents.

Between the last two acts of Fleming's Around the World Manager George E. Gouge, of Powers' Grand Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich., was presented with a gold-headed cane by the employees of the theatre. The surprised manager, who had been escorted to the middle of the stage just as the curtain was being rung up, thanked the donors in a few well chosen words. Testimonials were also given to Stage Manager Warrington and head usher Andy Johnson, after which a supper was served.

Business Manager Avery, of Kohl, and Middleton's Vine Street Museum, Cincinnati, was presented, 25th, with a handsome gold watch and chain by his employers.

Richard Mansfield had a Christmas tree at

the Victoria on Saturday night after the performance of Monsieur. All of the twenty-four people in his company received a handsome present in one of Tiffany's boxes. Mr. Mansfield was given by his players a humidifier for cigars of rare woods, bound with gold and lined with silver. Speeches followed and the festivities lasted until dawn. Mr. Mansfield is eminently popular with his support.

W. J. Scanlan played to the largest house ever known in the history of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, at regular prices on Christmas Day, the receipts for two performances being \$3,600. Robert B. Mantell played to full houses at New Haven, the receipts for two performances being \$1600. At the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, the Kirality's Masum played in two performances to \$5,000.

## Mr. Palmer's Peculiar Pipe.

Manager A. M. Palmer sat in his office upstairs in the Madison Square Theatre the other day while all the actors and actresses in town were enjoying the delicate beauties of Elaine by his invitation. He was engaged in conversation with a MIRROR representative, but at intervals he picked up the end of a flexible speaking-tube beside his desk and applied it to his ear. The tube was one of several upheld by a wooden rest; it differed from the others only in respect to the plated mouth-piece which was larger. The reporter noticed that whenever Mr. Palmer took it up some remark about the performance going on below fell from his lips. These parenthetical observations excited the scribe's curiosity.

"Next week," said the manager, "the Board of Apportionment will receive the application of the Actor's Fund for an award of the theatre license-moneys. (Elaine was never played to a more enthusiastic audience!) There is a large sum derived from the theatre tax now awaiting distribution in the city treasury. (I'm glad the actors enjoy it.) There is no charity that has the same right to claim this money. It is earned by actors, and exacted from managers by a law that is invidious and unjust. (The tower scene is getting rounds of applause.) There is no more reason why theatres should be taxed than newspapers, book-p publishers or any other agency for the dissemination of knowledge and refined amusement. (The curtain has fallen on the third act.) But as the law exists the best should be made of it, and the best in this case (the applause is deafening) is to apply the license money to the theatrical charity. (One curtain!) On account of the extra number of licenses taken out the past year (two curtains!) the city has received much more than usual (three curtains!) and if the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will look at the matter in its true light—and I have no doubt they will—the Fund may receive a very considerable addition to its resources."

The visitor's curiosity was excited by Mr. Palmer's facility for knowing what was going on in two places at once, and he asked whether there was somebody at the other end of the pipe reporting what was occurring on the stage and in the auditorium. This question made Mr. Palmer smile.

"No," he said, explanatively. "This tube leads to the stage. There is a large tympanum there that catches the sound and carries it up here to me. I can hear the lines as they are spoken on the stage, the music, the applause of the audience, and the prompter's bell, which informs me when the curtain is rising or descending. Sometimes on a first night, if I feel nervous, I come up here and learn the verdict through the pipe. There is less to disturb one's calm sometimes when the stage is not in sight."

## On the Track.

Louis Aldrich has been somewhat exercised over the piracy of My Partner on the Pacific coast. The play was presented at the Wigwam, San Francisco, not long ago, and a local paper contained a statement to the effect that the owner of the play was not paid royalty on account of his exorbitant demands. In reply to this statement, Mr. Aldrich, who backs up his remarks with a number of telegrams, recently told a MIRROR representative that there was no copy of the play on the Pacific coast, except what might have been stolen, and that he had never received a penny of royalty from that part of the country. The only person that ever had rights to the play on the coast was E. J. Buckley.

"I would never have known that they were going to play the piece at the Wigwam," said Mr. Aldrich, "if I hadn't received a telegram from a theatrical friend to the effect that the play was to be produced by Messrs. Wessels, Samm and Levinger. I gave this friend power of attorney to stop the pirates at all hazards, to retain Judge H. L. Joachimsen, and if the managers persisted in producing the piece, after warning, to proceed against them. I sent him all the necessary papers, and also sent a telegram to the Wigwam managers, warning them against producing the play from printed copy. That same night I received the following telegram:

"Who is attorney? Will arrange with him satisfactorily. WESSELS, SAMM AND LEVINGER."

I sent no reply to this, having notified Judge Joachimsen, by telegraph, to stop their performances under all circumstances. Next morning I received the following from the Judge:

"Have seen pirates. They want compromise. If you will accept royalty for week, instruct me as to amount."

"I notified him that if he and my friend thought best, I would take \$300 in lieu of royalty for the week's performance and for the damages undoubtedly sustained by me. That is all I did in the matter. When men steal my property, and, after being caught, desire to pay me for its use, I think I have the right to ask any price I choose."

## Letter to the Editor

MORE ADVICE FOR MISS MARLOWE.

EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:—What nonsense clever men do sometimes talk, when they talk about things they know little or nothing about! This, Mr. Editor, is what I thought when I read The Usher's report of Colonel Ingersoll's advice to Miss Marlowe. There is not a novice in America that is more in need of guidance than is Miss Julia Marlowe. To let her go her own way would be to let her ruin. She is already on the high-road to becoming a silly, cooing, and goody-goody. ALFRED AYRES.



## The Usher.



In Ushering  
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,  
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The accident to Col. McCaull in Chicago on Saturday night, through which the manager broke his leg, is unfortunate. Col. McCaull is a very active man, and he has given so much personal attention to his company that he is depended upon in all departments. A dispatch last night informs me that he is doing well, but it will be weeks before he will be able to walk again.

Chandos Fulton's juvenile story in the Christmas MIRROR has attracted general notice in common with the many other notable features. Dillingham will shortly issue a novel by Mr. Fulton entitled "A Society Star." Those who have heard of the project are hazarding guesses as to the identity of the heroine, but the author stoutly maintains that, like Falk's composite picture of the Lyceum company, it is moulded on the combined experiences of several well-known society women who have taken to the stage.

A strong bill has been arranged by Manager Palmer for the fund benefit at Mrs. Leland's Opera House in Albany on Jan. 19. A portion of the Madison Square company in a one-act play, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in Kerry, Editha's Burglar, and the Madison Square Concert company are among the attractions. The event promises to be notable in many respects. A large party of New Yorkers are going up for the affair.

Mrs. Doremus tells me that she purchased the American rights to The Pickpocket from Augustin Daly, who had bought the German MS. John A. Stevens now advertises for sale the English version of the piece by Hawtrey. John F. Ward secured Mrs. Doremus' adaptation and produced it with success in Chattanooga one night last week. That Mrs. Doremus took the piece in good faith from Daly is proved by a letter which that manager wrote at her request, stating that he had conveyed to her the rights in it for this country. If The Pickpocket is not printed for publication in Germany—as I believe to be the case—Mrs. Doremus can protect her version legally.

Steele Mackaye made an unpremeditated bull in his speech after the first performance of Paul Kaurar. He meant to say that he hoped Anarchy would never succeed anywhere except on the stage, but instead he expressed the hope that it wouldn't succeed anywhere else.

"How about Philadelphia?" shouted Louis Aldrich from the front.

"How mysteriously," murmured the sage, "the wish is sometimes parent to the thought. Our compositor, setting type at or about Christmas Day, made the musical critic say that an aria 'was sung with pie and passion.' At any other time the two would be incompatible."

## War on Bad Dressing-Rooms.

As a general thing, the dressing-rooms in the theatres of this city are as palaces compared to the apartments with which actors and actresses must put up while on the road. Not alone are they cosy, but they are convenient to the stage, and the comfort of the people who are to pass hours in them nightly is looked after with much concern. For the purpose of getting a good idea of the rooms from personal observation, a MIRROR reporter, during the past few days made an examination of them. He learned, in the first place, that while some people considered rooms below the stage healthy, others complained that they were conducive to malaria, and that while some people liked them up in the flies, others wanted them as near the stage as possible.

Of all the dressing-rooms seen, those of the Lyceum Theatre are without doubt the best so far as conveniences are concerned, although they are a few steps lower than the stage. The rooms are large and comfortable, and the partition that separates them for a wide passageway is a few feet below the wall, so that proper ventilation is secured, and the stories that the actors tell can float conveniently from one room to the other. There are nine dressing-rooms in this theatre, although but seven are in use. All are close to the front of the house, and the occupants could, in case of danger, escape to the street in a very short time. In each room is a sink, hot and cold water, roomy wardrobes, nice cupboards, and large plate glass mirrors. Both gas and electric light is furnished. There are fourteen dressing-rooms at the Madison Square Theatre, each of which is ten

feet square. They are in a separate building, and are all well ventilated, both naturally and artificially—the latter by an air-shaft. They are on a level with the stage. From the stage the artists step into the green room, and from that apartment into their dressing-rooms. Gaslight is furnished, and there are wash basins, properly trapped with running water, in every room.

The dressing rooms at Harrigan's Park Theatre, of which there are fourteen, are comfortable, though not extra large, except in some cases. Indeed, the dressing-rooms at this house vary both in size and accommodation. They are far above the stage, though the green-room is quite near the boards, and here the actors remain the greater part of the time. Almost all of the rooms have sinks. The rooms are thoroughly renovated twice a year. The light is gas.

"We aim to make our people comfortable," said Hart-Hanley to the reporter; "and it is to our advantage to do so. While I will not admit that our reason for having pleasant dressing-rooms is solely the getting of the best work possible out of our people, from a common-sense point of view it is the best and only method. If actors and actresses are out of sorts it affects their performances most materially."

At the Bijou Opera House there are about fifteen dressing-rooms below the stage and four on a level with it. They are not provided with running water. They are small and badly ventilated. For the principals there are two gas jets and the rooms are carpeted, while in the other rooms there is but one to each, with mirror, etc.

Most of the dressing-rooms at the Fifth Avenue are above the stage. They have gas, long mirrors and running water, while the principals' rooms are decidedly comfortable.

"The condition of the dressing rooms in cities, not one night stands, but of 150,000 inhabitants," said Manager Price, of Richard Mansfield's Company, "in what are supposed to be first-class theatres, too, is something disgraceful. Managers seem to care nothing for the comfort and convenience of the people who go to play with them. They have the front of their houses in splendid order, but back of the stage is simply unfit for human beings to gather in. Our company is composed of ladies and gentlemen who are accustomed, to say the least, to the ordinary comforts of life, who would not be guilty of tampering with anybody's property, and who are not unreasonable in their expectations, only wanting ordinary cleanliness and conveniences. There are very few theatres, however, where they find anything but filthiness and neglect. At one theatre we played in very recently, in a city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, the stench was simply sickening. We had to use disinfectants on the stage and one of the ladies, being placed in a dressing-room evidently not intended for one of her sort, was compelled to have a temporary dressing-room built. In another city we were shown into a theatre where there had been no fire for three days. The theatre was cold and damp. The draughts on the stage, from the crevices and holes in doors and windows, were so strong that the ladies shivered all through the performance, and Mr. Mansfield contracted a severe cold. We set our employees to repair the condition of affairs and to batten up the windows and nail curtains and padding over the windows of the dressing-rooms; but the colds contracted were such that it was only by the most heroic efforts that Mr. Mansfield himself, as well as the rest, were able to continue playing."

Mr. Mansfield was no less vigorous than his manager in denouncing the out-of-town dressing-rooms. "I have," said he, "a great deal to say on the subject of filthy dressing-rooms that will be of general moment to all actors and managers, and for that reason I have made up my mind to visit President A. M. Palmer, of the Actors' Fund, to see what arrangements can be made by which I can speak before that organization upon the subject. THE MIRROR is again to the front in matters pertaining to the general good of the profession, and this crusade is one that ought to be pushed with vigor. All actors and managers should peremptorily refuse to play in a house where the dressing-rooms are in such a vile condition that one would even hesitate before housing cattle in them. Just think of the many delicate young women in this profession and them that are on the point of entering it, and then think of criminal negligence by which those frail beings are subjected to ice-cold blasts that even the most robust of men cannot endure! It is an outrage and nothing less, and the subject should be sounded to its very bottom. I tell you most emphatically that there are more sore throats made and more serious illnesses contracted in bad dressing-rooms than would ever be caused by all the inconveniences and fatigues brought about by incessant travelling."

"What do you think the necessary requisites for a good dressing-room?" asked the reporter.

"They are very few and very simple, and are not at all expensive. In the first place, a clean floor, a clean carpet, and a clean wall; running water, hot and cold if possible; two good lights on a line with your face, which is easily obtained by movable brackets; say two chairs, a table, not too low, and places to hang clothes; good ventilation and good heat, and the comfortable assurance that there are neither rats nor vermin about. There is hardly a dressing-room in the country where there is neither one nor the other of these pests to be found."

DONAHY'S OPERA HOUSE, 137 COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Dec. 19, 1897.

Editor New York Mirror: DEAR SIR:—In answer to the charge made by members of the Alone in London co. against my House, I will say that the signers are liars, every one of them. I personally see that rooms are cleaned after every entertainment. There is running water in six of the rooms with sinks two Has basins with buckets for slop. All has carpets and matting and gas. I will keep the names of signers, and if they come here again and I find it out, I will ask them to take it back or go before a Justice of the Peace and prove it. Yours truly,

JOHN DONAHY.

## A Grass Widow's Prosperity.

"There is no question about the Grass Widow's success in New England," said Frank Murray, business manager for Parsloe and Vincent, who was in town for Christmas, to a MIRROR reporter. "Our business has not been quite as large as that of Booth and Barrett, but we have done very nicely and have made an impression that ensures gratifying financial results next season. We have been in New England for nine weeks, and will stay there until Jan. 16, when we open at the Academy of Music, Montreal, for a week. By

that time we will have played every city in what is known as the 'Eastern country' of over 15,000 population except Boston.

"Starting so late in the season it was found impossible to get into the new Boston theatre that Mr. Parsloe desired to present the comedy, and he proposes to stay out until he can get the piece in under favorable circumstances. But next season you will hear of the Widow making a big hit at the Hub. Mr. Parsloe has elaborated his performance of the Chinaman, and his personal success is really remarkable. The company have perfected and rounded out their parts, and the comedy now goes with a dash and brilliancy that has not yet failed to achieve a most enthusiastic success."

## Boucicault's New Irish Play.

Dion Boucicault opens his Spring season with the production of his new Irish play, in four acts, entitled Cuihla-ma-chree. The action takes place on the North Coast of Ireland in 1785 during the first act, and twenty years later during the second, third and fourth. It is like The Colleen Bawn; it is founded upon an old novel, and contains fourteen scenes and sixteen characters. Five of the scenes are complex and sensational, and have been built and painted at McVicker's Theatre, in Chicago. Two of the leading parts in the cast are still unfilled, and Mr. Boucicault is searching for competent actors to assume those characters. His own part is that of a young North country farmer, who, like Conn and Myles, furnishes the dash of light across the pathos of the story. It will be produced on Feb. 20, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston.

This was the play intended for production at the Star Theatre. In speaking of this matter Mr. Boucicault remarked: "There is my lease. It is a very simple contract between the lessor of the Star Theatre and myself, dated last February. It stipulates that I shall pay \$2,400 a week for rent of the theatre for ten weeks, beginning Monday, Dec. 12. Each week is payable in advance, and it restricts me to giving no more than seven performances per week, with a first-class company. There are no other conditions. If I had taken any legal steps to enforce my rights, such proceedings must have brought me into conflict with Mr. Abbey and his partners, and, frankly, the whole matter was not worth disputing over. It is of very little importance to me. I wish it were equally so to the members of my company." Previous to opening in Boston, Mr. Boucicault will play through New England, and after Boston he visits Washington, Albany, Buffalo, Brooklyn, and Chicago, concluding his season in May.

## Foreign Methods in Scenic Art.

There are certain methods in scenic art as followed in France, Germany and Italy which are not without interest. For instance, in arranging mise-en-scene the German idea is that the scenic artist should have control of the department of properties and the grouping of tableaux. So decidedly is this the case that when Kotska, the scenic painter of the Opera House at Vienna, came over here to produce Siegfried, it is said he returned to Vienna because of his pictures being marred by not being set according to his wishes. Beverly, the great master of English scenic art, was always insistent on congruity in scenery. He would, in the great pantomime spectacles, even go to the trouble of drawing a perspective vanishing angle on a wall and make every actor, fairy and dancer stand under it, thus determining their perspective height and upon that assigning their precise position on the stage. Something similar to this was done by Richard Marston in the cañon scene in the False Friend. The French are cautious to insure mise-en-scene. Usually the first step is the submission of the libretto, with a memorandum of the author's idea of the scenes, to the decorator. The artist makes a model on cardboard and fits the pieces, which are called "maquettes," to a model of the stage. Sometimes these are done in gouache, black or white, but more frequently in color. A meeting is then called, which one might style a rehearsal of the design. The artist, the author, the stage director and the principals of the cast are present, and the setting and entrances are determined. This done the artist draws upon paper the full size and shape of the pieces including the profile for the carpenter, much as the shipbuilders "lay off" their working drawings. When the carpenter returns the artist draws his subject in outline. At this point it is a frequent thing to have what might be called a dress rehearsal of the design before painting. The unpainted scene is set, the interested parties called to witness and it is finally determined on. The artist then has the pieces laid on the floor of his studio, which is always very extensive, puts on felt slippers, and with a palette similar to the American one, rigged on wheels, and with long-handled brushes technically called balais, or brooms, proceeds with the *esquisse*, or lay-in. The French artists strive for breadth rather than detail. In the *esquisse* it is a common plan, for the sake of securing harmony, to first lay in the whole with the tint which is to be the prevailing one of the scene. In the hands of a master this is a labor-saving process. The technical terms used in French studios have their significance and sometimes a history. For instance, the words right and left are not used. Here we say instead "prompt side" and "O. P." (opposite prompt). The French equivalents up to the Reign of Terror used to be "côté du roi"—the King's side and "côté de la Reine," or Queen's side. In that anarchical time and since "reine" was changed to "côté" and "roi" to "jardin." The general term for the wings is applied, in such an expression as "he stood at the wings" is "coulisces," literally the grooves. The wing itself is called "chassis de coulisse," or "chassis" simply. A set piece is a "chassis de ferme" or more commonly "ferme." What we call backings are called "pantalons," the etymology being that of a covering. The backcloth is a "rideau du fond." Ceilings and stage cloths have the ordinary colloquial names of "plafond" and "rideau de parquet" and borders are "frises." To set a scene is "regler la décoration."

Gauze drops, or "redaux de gaze," were the subject at one time of curious municipal and police regulations, some classes of ballet

entertainments being forbidden without gauze drops in front on grounds of public morals. Gauze drops as used for obscuring a scene are called "nuages" or clouds. Act drops are called "rideau de marocaine," and that abomination—the advertising curtain—is not unknown as the "rideau d'annonces." The curtain is strictly called the "rideau d'avant scene," but the public familiarly say merely "rideau." Moynet in his work on the theatre points out that the ancient Romans instead of raising the curtain to disclose the scene, dropped it on the floor, and hence the phrases "tollere au'ce" and "premiere au'ce," meant the very reverse of our modern phrases. Apropos of moveable painted scenery for theatres, the first definite record of its use is that of D'Avenant, under a patent from Charles II., in the luxurious reaction from Puritan severity of manners, built in 1662 a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, where he introduced as novelties scenery, wax candles, an orchestra, and what was very startling at the time, female actresses. At this theatre was given one of the earliest performances of Hamlet, with Betterton in the part. The use of scenery in France is of much earlier record than this date.

## Gossip of the Town.

Charles Overton has secured a play for William Terriss, the English actor. John A. Mackay will start upon the road in One of the Boys about Jan. 19.

A burlesque of The Henrietta is in course of preparation at Dockstader's.

George Chamberlain has resigned his position as treasurer of the Windsor Theatre.

William Gavin has been engaged by Manager Duff as assistant treasurer of the Standard Theatre.

The Wife will be produced at every popular price theatre in New York next season, including Niblo's Garden.

Frank Howard will sing another new waltz-song of his own at Dockstader's next week, entitled "The Song of the Cobbler."

Frank Harvey's new melodrama, The World Against Her, will be produced by Kate Claxton in Albany this (Thursday) evening.

James Griffiths, for years a clown with Dan Rice, died on Thursday at the City Hospital, New Brunswick, from the effects of a fall.

Robert Buchanan, the English playwright, has written a new melodrama, for which an opening is now being negotiated in this country.

Daniel Bandmann will start on a tour the 15th of next month. Louise Beaudet is in town looking for a first class company to support him.

Howard P. Taylor has just finished a five-act melodrama, the plot of which has been taken from the French. It is entitled The Purple Note.

Fred. Anderson has been engaged by Harry Pepper, the ballad-singer, as treasurer of his Nan's Acre Lot company, which opens its season in the East on Jan. 16.

Jennie Williams does not go out with the Joillies, as has been reported. She has signed to play in Barry and Fay's new piece, in which her sister Minnie will also be seen.

Horace L. Richards, owner of the Bristol Equescurriculum, died on Thursday morning last at Fort Hamilton, L. I. The remains were taken to Poughkeepsie for interment.

A movement is on foot among English professional people to purchase a present for the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their Silver Wedding next March.

"Prince Koble," owned by J. Charles Davis, manager of the People's Theatre, was awarded the first prize at the Poultry and Dog Show recently held at the Madison Square Garden.

The original tour of the Great Pink Pearl company has been extended to Pittsburg, week of Jan. 16, and the season will be resumed whenever Mr. Gillette is ready to play again.

At the conclusion of the performance at Dockstader's on Christmas night, the entire company were escorted by Lew Dockstader over to the Sturtevant House and treated to a champagne supper.

Frank W. Sanger will produce a new domestic farce comedy, which has met with considerable success in England, in this country next May. The Bunch of Keys company will appear in it, with George Lauri and Marietta Nash.

Owing to the success of the Arabian Nights in Chicago last summer, David Henderson has completed arrangements with Alfred Thompson for the production of another spectacular burlesque at the Chicago Opera House next summer.

The only engagements so far made by Eugene Tompkins at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for next season, are Joseph Jefferson, two weeks, beginning Oct. 2; Booth and Barrett, Oct. 16, for eight weeks, and Mrs. Langtry Jan. 1, for ten weeks.

Imre Kiralfy's spectacle of Dolores opened on Christmas night in San Francisco at the California Theatre to \$1,700. Prices were raised for the production to a \$1.50 basis, and will continue on this scale for four weeks, after which The Dark Secret will be produced by Al. Hayman's own company at regular prices.

"It is not true that I have secured Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence to play the principal parts in A Possible Case," said Manager J. M. Hill to a MIRROR reporter yesterday. "I do not believe those artists could be secured, as they are money making stars; though there is no doubt about the benefit they would be to Mr. Rosenfeld's comedy."

During the coming summer the stage of the Star Theatre will probably have a company of tragedians and comedians on it graced with tails. They are monkeys trained by a German to play regular dramas, and a theatre is said to have been built for them in Vienna. Conried and Herrmann have the troupe under engagement for this country.

Al. Hayman has arranged with Nelson Whitecroft for the production of Gwynne's Oath, by the California Theatre stock company, in San Francisco, in April next. Mr. Whitecroft has also been informed by cable of a coming production of his play in London. He has sent the manuscript to England, where the play will be put on the road for a Spring tour about Easter by Florence Wade.

While managing Frankie Kemble's Company, which was performing in Meriden, Ct., on Christmas Day, Edward Clayburgh received a telegram from this city to the effect that his father was dying. He immediately left for his father's residence in West Twenty-eighth street, where the old gentleman, Emanuel Clayburgh, died at 2 o'clock on

Tuesday morning in the seventy-first year of his age, of paralysis. The funeral will take place this (Thursday) morning, interment being in the family plot at Cypress Hills Cemetery.

The Bunch of Keys played at the Brooklyn Theatre on Christmas Day to the largest business ever known at the house at regular prices, the receipts being \$1,917.35. The Christmas Day receipts for the Corsair, at the Bijou Opera House, were \$2,250. The matinee was the largest in the city, and at the evening performance there were more people in the two balconies than had ever been there before. The five companies on the road which are represented by Charles Frohman show, as their gross takings on Christmas Day the sum of \$7,600. The Held by the Enemy co. in Chicago did the best, playing to \$3,600 for three performances. Sunday night, Christmas Day matinee and Christmas night at the Grand Opera House. Pete played at Harrigan's Park Theatre on Christmas Day to a little over \$2,600, and in consequence no thought is being given to anything to follow. The receipts of the two performances at Dockstader's on Christmas Day beat any day ever known at that house by \$200.

## A BOUNTIFUL FEAST.

Albany Express. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR, Harrison Grey Fiske, is the perfection of typographical skill, and the engravings it contains are marvels of art, embracing those of A. M. Palmer, Kitty Cheatham, Kitty Rhodes, Sybil Johnston, Sydney Ames, Robert Downing, E. H. Van Veghten. In this exquisite number many of the brightest and most skillful writers among the votaries of the stage have combined with noted critics, poets and newspaper writers to fill its pages with cheerful and varied entertainment. There is spread out between the covers of this holiday issue a bounteous feast "of infinite zest, of most excellent fancy."

## AN UNCOMMONLY SUMPTUOUS PUBLICATION.

Buffalo Courier. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is an uncommonly sumptuous publication. Its rich and varied literary contents are enclosed in a handsomely colored cover containing an appropriate allegorical design on the title page and a life-like portrait of Manager Palmer on the back.

## THE HANDSOMEST DRAMATIC PAPER.

Pennsylvania (O.) Blade. The holiday issue of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is the handsomest dramatic paper ever issued in this country. It contains thirty-eight pages, replete with original articles by well-known actors and actresses. A splendid portrait of A. M. Palmer adorns the cover. THE MIRROR is the recognized organ of the profession.

## OF UNCOMMON INTEREST AND VALUE.

New York Star. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is of uncommon interest and value, and makes manifest the wide and intelligent enterprise of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, the editor of the paper. It contains thirty-four pages in an attractive cover, the back of which gives a portrait, in colors, of Mr. A. M. Palmer, with a record of seventeen years appearing in the plays named. The illustrations, more than thirty in number, are excellent. The chief article is by Boucicault, entitled "Shakespeare and Co." It is a valuable bit of fiction, and worthy of any magazine. Leading actors contribute.

## VERY INTERESTING.

Burlington Daily Hawkeye. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is devoted to chronicles, reminiscences, anecdotes and memorabilia of the stage by actors, and stage and theatrical folks generally. It is embellished by numerous portraits and a very interesting and acceptable addition to Christmas literature.

## THE FINEST THING IN TYPOGRAPHY.

Leadville Evening Chronicle. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR is at hand, and is probably the finest thing in lithography and typography ever issued from any newspaper house in New York. The contributors to this number include Dion Boucicault, Carl Wagenlauf, Horace Townsend, Nym Crinkle, Osmond Tearle, Scott Marble, Henry Irving, A. M. Palmer, Milton Nobles, Fanny Edgar Thomas, Elsie Leslie, Sydney Armstrong, Marie Walawright, Fanny Davenport and other prominent people in the dramatic world. Probably the most excellent thing, from a literary standpoint, in the number is "A Modern Virgilus," by Horace Townsend. For cleverness in conception and skill, the story is one of the brightest hits we have ever seen, being intensely pathetic as well as dramatic. Mary Fiske contributes a lively story entitled "Dora Dexter's Debut."

## A PERFECT GEM.

Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution. Here's a bow and congratulations to Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske on the strength of the Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR. It comes this year in beautiful attire and full of bright stories and sketches from the pens of people whose mission it is to instruct and to please, either upon the stage or in the more modest profession of journalism. The autograph signatures are, in the language of the showman, "alone worth double the price of admission," and then you have pretty pictures of pretty actresses, good portraits of sturdy actors, and, above all, the sketches, stories and reminiscences, many of which are delicious. A list of the contributors would occupy a good deal more space than can be spared, but among them are Nym Crinkle, Joe Howard, Jr., Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Henry Irving, Dion Boucicault, Fred Wade, Marie Walawright, Scott Marble and a host of others. It is a perfect gem.

## A VERY COMPLETE PAPER.

St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR was received in the city yesterday and it is one of the most complete dramatic papers ever published. The pictures are brought out to almost equal steel engravings. Everyone interested in dramatic affairs should secure one.

## GRATIFYING EVIDENCE OF PROSPERITY AND ENTERPRISE.

Springfield Republican. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR has illuminated covers, one of which is an allegorical design, representing the Drama, an imperfectly-clothed young woman, looking at herself in a hand-glass; and the other a fine-colored portrait of Manager Palmer, surrounded by the names of his stars and of his successful plays. Leading members of "the profession" contribute stories and reminiscences, which are usually accompanied by portraits. THE MIRROR occupies a prominent position among dramatic newspapers, and its Christmas number is a gratifying evidence of its prosperity and enterprise.

## BY ALL ODDS THE BEST.

Boston Times. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR should be purchased by everyone interested in the theatre. It is by all odds the best of its kind.

## HIGHLY CREDITABLE.

Chicago Herald. The Christmas Number of THE NEW YORK MIRROR contains thirty-four pages, and many articles that will be read with great interest by members of the dramatic profession and others. This issue is highly creditable to Mr. Fiske, the editor.







Aitchison 9, Leavenworth 20, Lawrence 11, Ottawa 12, Topeka 13-14.  
 SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: St. Louis 26-27, Cairo, Ill., Jan. 2, Paducah, Ky., 3, New Albany 4, Frankfort 5, Lexington 6, Dayton, O., 7, Findlay 8, Lima 9, Van Wert 10, Tiffin 11, Kenton 12, Sallis Hinton: McConeville, Pa., 31-Jan. 2, McKeesport 7-20, Monongahela City 11-13, Brownsville 14-15, Bridgeport 21.  
 SHADOWN CRIME: Buffalo 26-27.  
 SOUTHERN CO.: Washington C. H., O., 26-27, Waverly Jan. 27.  
 STUART THEATRE CO.: Sterling 26-27.  
 THE SOGGARTH: Louisville 29-31, Dayton, O., Jan. 2, T. W. KENNEDY: Chicago 19-Jan. 27, St. Paul 9-14, Minneapolis 15-21.  
 TWO JONES: Bloomington, Ill., 29, Danville 30, Crawfordville, Ind., 31, Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 1, Frankfort 2, Munice 3, Indianapolis 4-5, Cincinnati 9-14.  
 TRICK CO.: Appleton, Wis., 27, Manitowoc 28, Sheboygan 29, Milwaukee 30-Jan. 1, Waukesha 2, Elkhart 3.  
 T. J. FARRON: Brooklyn 26-27.  
 TONY DENIER: N. Y. City 26-27, Brooklyn Jan. 27.  
 TRUE JESS HARTS: Cincinnati 26-27, New Britain, Ct., Jan. 27.  
 UNDER THE GARLIGHT: Reading, Pa., 26-27.  
 UNDER THE LASH: McKeesport, Pa., 26-27, Newark O., 31, Cincinnati Jan. 27.  
 ULLER AKERSTROM: Sandusky, N. Y., 28, Westfield, Mass., 30-31, New Britain, Ct., Jan. 27, Holyoke, Mass., 28.  
 VERONA JARREAU: Oswego, N. Y., 29, Auburn 30, Cassadaga 31, Syracuse Jan. 2, 29.  
 W. J. SCARLAN: Philadelphia 26-Jan. 27.  
 WINNETT'S PASSION'S SLAVE CO.: Grand Rapids 29-31, Toledo Jan. 2, 27, Mansfield 10, Canton 11, Wheeling, W. Va., 12-14.  
 WINNETT'S GREAT WAGON CO.: Buffalo, N. Y., 26-27, Cleveland Jan. 27, Dunkirk, N. Y., 9, Lockport 10, Niagara Falls 11, St. Catharines, Ont., 12, Hamilton 13-14.  
 WESTON BROTHERS: Richmond, Va., 26-27.  
 WAITE'S CO.: Lancaster, Pa., 26-27.  
 WAITS OF SIN: Syracuse 26-27.  
 WIFE'S HONOR: N. Y. City 26-27.  
 ZITKA CO.: Lowell 28, 9, Brockton 31-2, Meriden, Ct., Jan. 2, 31, Winsted 4, Thomaston 5, Waterbury 6-7, Brooklyn 9-14.

#### OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

ADLAIDE RANDALL OPERA CO.: Newark, Ga., 30, West Point, Miss., 31, Macon, Ga., Jan. 30, Albany 31, Thomaston 1, Jacksonville, Fla., 2.  
 BOSTONIAN: Minneapolis 26-27, St. Paul Jan. 27, Duluth, Minn., 28, Eau Claire, Wis., 12, La Crosse 13, Rockford, Ill., 14, St. Louis 15-21, Indianapolis 22-25, Lafayette 26, Terre Haute 27, Dayton 28, Cincinnati 30 Feb. 4.  
 BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO. A: Pottsville, Pa., 26-27, Williamsport Jan. 27.  
 BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO. No. 1: Watertown, N. Y., 19-21.  
 BENNETT-MOULTON OPERA CO. B: Holyoke, Mass., 26-27, Springfield Jan. 27, Pittsfield 9-14.  
 CARNO KENNEDY CO.: Philadelphia 21-indefinite season.  
 CARNO KENNEDY CO. No. 2: Erie, Pa., 29, Youngstown, O., 30, Meadville, Pa., 31.  
 CORRIED-HERRMANN OPERA CO.: St. Paul 26-27, Minneapolis Jan. 27, Cedar Rapids 9, Davenport, Ia., 10, Des Moines 11.  
 CARLETON OPERA CO.: Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 27, Fresno 10, Stockton 11, Sacramento 12-14, San Francisco 15.  
 CHATELAIN OPERA CO.: Cairo, Ill., 26-27, Pine Bluff, Ark., Jan. 27, Little Rock 4-6, Texarkana 7.  
 CAMPANINI CONCERT CO.: San Francisco 12-indefinite season.  
 EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO.: Pine Bluff 29, Fort Smith 30-31.  
 DUNLAP OPERA CO.: Utica, N. Y., 29-30.  
 FOSTER'S IDEAL OPERA CO.: Pittsburg 26-27, Richmond, Va., Jan. 27.  
 FIFTH AVENUE OPERA CO.: Elmira, N. Y., 26-27.  
 GILBERT OPERA CO.: Concord, N. H., 29-30, Laconia 31, Manchester Jan. 2, Rochester 5, Exeter 6-7, Farmington 9, Great Falls 10-11, Portland, Me., 12-14, Bangor 15-18, Belfast 19, Lewiston 20-25.  
 GREENWOOD OPERA CO.: Franklin, Pa., 29, Newcastle 30, Beaver Falls 31, Columbus, O., Jan. 27.  
 GILMORE'S BAND: Boston, Jan. 15-16.  
 KIMBALL-CORRIED OPERA CO.: Trenton 26-27, Wilmington, Del., Jan. 27.  
 LITTLE TYCOON OPERA CO.: Baltimore 26-27.  
 MACCOLLIN OPERA CO.: Columbus 28-9, Chattanooga, Tenn., 30-31, Frankfurt, Ky., Jan. 2, Lexington 3-4, Cleveland 9-14.  
 NATIONAL OPERA CO.: Toledo 20, Detroit 31-Jan. 1, Toronto 2, Montreal 5-7, Boston 9-21, Providence 22-24, Hartford 25, New Haven 26, Williamsburg 27-31, Philadelphia Feb. 2, 9, 24, Mt. Vernon 26, Fredericton 27, Utica 28, Grandville 30.  
 TEMPLETON OPERA CO.: St. Augustine 26-8, Ocala 29-31.

#### MINSTRELS.

FIELD'S UNITED OPERATIC: Portland, Ind., 29, Fort Wayne 30, Huntington, Jan. 2, Bluffton 3, Marion 4, Wabash 5, Peru 6, Kokomo 7, Anderson 9, Muncie 10, New Castle 11.  
 GORMAN BROTHERS: Peoria, Ill., 30.  
 HI HENRY: Lewiston, Me., 29, Gardiner 30, Augusta 31, Waterville Jan. 2, Belfast 4, Pittsfield 5, Ellsworth 6, Bangor 7.  
 MCN, J. S.: Manchester 29, Lawrence 30, Boston Jan. 2, N. Y. City 14.  
 MORAN-THOMAS: Richmond 26-31, Lynchburg Jan. 2, Sinton 3.  
 SWATHMAN, RICE AND FAGAN'S: Buffalo 29-31, Cleveland Jan. 27.  
 WILSON AND KANKIN'S: Trenton, N. J., Jan. 2.

#### VARIETY COMPANIES.

ANDY HUGHES' CO.: Brooklyn 26-27.  
 AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO.: Rochester 26-27, Troy Jan. 27.  
 BRIGAND QUINN CO.: Marshalltown 29, Dodge 30, Boone 31, Des Moines Jan. 27.  
 EMILY SOLDER CO.: New Haven 26-27, Trenton, Fitzgerald's Early Birds CO.: Washington 26-31, Baltimore Jan. 27.  
 HALLER-HART CO.: Baltimore 26-31, Washington Jan. 27.  
 HOWARD ATHLETIC CO.: San Francisco 26-Jan. 14.  
 KENNELL'S: Cleveland 26-31, Pittsburg Jan. 27.  
 LILY CLAY'S CO.: Chicago 26-31, St. Paul Jan. 27, Milwaukee 9-14, Chicago 15-21.  
 PAT ROONEY: Keokuk, Ia., Jan. 4.  
 SERVING AND DALY: Gloucester, Mass., 26-31, New Bedford Jan. 27.  
 SHERMAN-COVIN CO.: Trenton, N. J., 26-27.  
 MIGNANI-SIEGRIST CO.: N. Y. City 26-Jan. 27.  
 MIACO'S CO.: Pittsburg 26-31, Baltimore Jan. 27.  
 NIGHT OWLS: Chicago 12-31, St. Louis Jan. 27.  
 RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.: Louisville 26-31, Detroit Jan. 27, Chicago 9-14.  
 REILLY-WOOD CO.: Chicago 19-21, Milwaukee Jan. 27.  
 SIBSON'S CO.: Nashville 26-27.  
 SPARKS BROTHERS: Middletown, Del., 28, Smyrna 29, Georgetown 30, Dover Jan. 3, Odessa 4, Delaware City 5, Elkton, Md., 6.  
 SHEPPER-BLAKELY: Baltimore 26-31, Boston Jan. 27, N. Y. City 9-14.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ANDREWS' CARNIVAL: Mt. Sterling 21-31.  
 BRISTOL'S EQUUSPARADE: Little Rock, Ark., 26-31.  
 BARTHOLOMEW'S EQUINE PARADE: Lincoln, Neb., 26-31, Omaha, Jan. 27, St. Joseph, Mo., 14, Sedalia 16-21, St. Louis 23-28.  
 HERRMANN: Chicago 26-31, Cincinnati Jan. 27, Indianapolis 9-11, Dayton 12-14.  
 PROFESSOR SKINNER: Portland, Me., 26-31, Biddeford Jan. 27.

#### The Origin and Purpose of the Fund.

The Actors' Fund idea was first advanced in 1880, when it was thought by a number of progressive spirits in and out of the profession that an institution something akin to, but wider in scope than, the Royal Benevolent Theatrical Fund, which for some time had been a power for good in England, was needed here. The old American Dramatic Fund had long been moribund. With the rapid numerical growth of the profession and the decline of the stock system its usefulness ceased. Moreover, this association was merely a mutual benefit concern, possessing provident features that secured to its members, and to its members only, certain annual dividends after a stated term of membership. The urgent need of something broader and more adequate appealed with peculiar force to thoughtful and far-sighted actors and managers. When a professional fell sick or encountered a streak of hard luck a subscription paper was hung up

in the green-room. Generous players responded liberally, but the frequency of these importunities became a burden and a serious tax upon people drawing small salaries, and many times their charitable instincts were shamefully imposed upon. In a number of instances where actors of some note relapsed into a state of impecuniosity benefits were gotten up that brought in large sums, entirely out of proportion to the actual requirements of the recipient, and sometimes, instead of doing good, these windfalls became a curse. Between 1880 and 1882 two or three cases of the latter description obtained newspaper notoriety, with the result that the "benefit racket" fell into temporary disrepute. Many unfortunate cases were friendly, or not known as "good fellows," were completely overlooked in the prodigious distribution of sentimental bounty, and scores died in the charity hospitals, and were carted, unmourned, to unmarked graves in the Potter's Field.

Some systematic, judicious method of raising and distributing funds was demanded—in fact, a well-equipped, well-organized, well-governed theatrical charity, to protect the industrious from oppressive demands, to remove a possible premium upon idleness and to see that relief was given justly and proportionately. Furthermore, the promiscuous benefit was rated as a relic of the defunct era of theatrical Bohemianism and vagabondage; something that was unworthy of the stage and fatal to the dignity of its relation to the public.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, the professional organ, in 1880 urged the necessity of a fund for actors, and advocated the proposition strenuously and persistently. The views of the principal actors and managers, as expressed through a long series of interviews in its columns, were found to be heartily in accord with the project. A. M. Palmer, then manager of the Union Square Theatre, was the most prominent and enthusiastic supporter of the movement. To his personal effort was due the ultimate establishment and organization of the fund.

A pitiful case of suffering that was given wide publicity about this time did much to hasten the foundation of the institution. An unfortunate actor named Bascombe, having spent his last cent and feeling too proud to ask aid of his professional acquaintances, started one day in mid-winter from his city to his home in a distant New England town. A snowstorm overtook him at night on his weary journey and he crawled into a barn for shelter. Next day he was discovered there by a farmer, with both legs frozen. To save the man's life they had to be amputated. Thus deprived of the means of earning a living by the pursuit of his profession, he was forced to subsist on private charity. Futile efforts were made to secure his admission to the Forrest Home. He was finally forced to take refuge in the almshouse on Rainsford Island, Boston Harbor, where he remained for nearly five years, when the directors of the Forrest Home, between coaxing and shaming, were at last induced to take him in. One of the first acts of the fund, by the way, after its formation, was to purchase the best pair of artificial legs in the country, and on these Bascombe has stumbled around quite comfortably ever since.

Sweet are the uses of adversity. This peculiarly pathetic episode aroused a sense of deep compassion in the sympathetic professional bosom, and materially assisted the fund to a beginning.

On Monday, March 12, 1882, Mr. Palmer called a meeting of the managers of this city and Brooklyn at the Morton House. The representatives of fifteen theatres responded, including Messrs. Wallack, Harrigan, Poole, Frohman, Daly, Henderson, Sinn, Stetson, Abbe, Miner, Stevens, Pastor, Haverly, Gilmore and Keyes. A plan of organization was discussed, and a series of simultaneous benefits at all the theatres determined upon to start the ball rolling. Toward the end of the month the first fund benefit was given at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre by M. B. Curtis. On April 2 following the simultaneous afternoon performances occurred. It was a memorable day. The police throughout the city sold large numbers of tickets; Sara Jewett and Maude Harrison together collected \$1,500 from the bulls and bears of the street; James Gordon Bennett cabled a princely donation of \$10,000 from Europe, and John Jacob Astor sent a check for \$2,500. The magnificent result of the day's work was the collection of more than \$40,000—the largest sum, it is stated, that was ever realized by one series of dramatic benefits for any benevolent object. The total expenses were less than \$250.

A week after this the managers again met, and adopted a plan of permanent organization. The work of caring for the sick was begun without delay.

Up to last June the fund's total receipts for the five years of its existence were \$124,482. The total disbursements for relief and other purposes were \$74,536.03. The expenditures for funerals were \$9,262.23. The whole number of professionals to whom relief was granted was 1,242. The whole number buried was 235. The number of cases attended by the fund's physician, Dr. Taylor, for this city, was 2,216. There are 29 professionals buried in the fund's plot at Evergreens.

The fund's scope in affording relief is broad and its method safe and expeditious. Any professional may apply, whether he is a member of the fund Association and pays dues or not. The institution is not like the mutual benefit theatrical organizations; it is distinctly a charitable affair. As a matter of fact, not two per cent. of those to whom aid is given are members. The assistant secretary, Mr. B. A. Baker—or "Uncle Ben" as he is universally called—is empowered to furnish temporary relief in all cases of emergency. Mr. Baker was actively connected with the stage as actor and manager for fifty-three years. Knowing nearly everybody in the guild, he is peculiarly fitted for the position that he fills to everybody's satisfaction. Applications are laid before the executive committee and investigated. Patients are attended by the fund's physicians if their ailments and the circumstances admit of home treatment; otherwise they are sent to the hospital and their expenses paid.

The names of applicants and beneficiaries are preserved with inviolable secrecy by the officers, in order that the fear of publicity and considerations of pride may not prevent the needy from calling on the fund. Indeed, the charities are applied with a sense of delicacy that might be advantageously exercised by other institutions. From \$7 to \$10 a week is granted. The destitute are temporarily cared for, but the fund is not in receipt of sufficient money to enable it to provide generally for other than the sick, or to support any pensioners save the incurable. In a number of

cases grateful actors have, on being restored to health and engagements, returned the money drawn from the treasury in their behalf. The trustees do not wish to accumulate money for the purpose of holding a large sum at interest. They act upon the principle that it is their duty to distribute all the money absolutely needed for charity, rather than allow the sick to suffer while the treasury is rich. Except in the case of the salaried physician, Dr. Taylor, who has his hands full, the fund's fourteen other physicians, in as many different cities, furnish their services gratuitously. The consulting surgeon is Dr. Charles B. Phelps, and the consulting physician, Dr. T. S. Robertson.

Whenever Mr. Baker hears of a deserving case he looks it up without waiting for a formal application to be made. Last Wednesday he visited a respectable actress in a garret on the east side of town. She was in great distress. Her husband had just brought a child into the world. It had no clothes, and the room was fireless. The family had had no food for two days. The fund speedily changed all this. The same day Mr. Baker found a man who had been connected with a theatre in this city, as business manager, in a tenement house near the Bowery. He was ill, and in the same room were his four young, motherless children. They had not touched food since noon of the preceding day. The fund speedily changed all this.

Actors who have had positions of prominence and fallen into misfortune through no fault of their own are often too proud to apply for help, but when they can be ferreted out they are invited to accept it. Mr. Baker's memory is stored with scores of pathetic incidents, cases of pitiful destitution and sickness that have come under his observation during the time that he has been identified with the good work.

The present officers are all enthusiastic and unselfish in their devotion to the fund's interests. Busy men all of them, they willingly devote their time and ability to the good cause. They are firm believers in the fund's motto, "Charity ever finds in the act reward." The officers and trustees form a body distinctly and conspicuously representative of the best elements in the theatrical profession. The offices and reading-room of the Association are located at 145 Fifth avenue, corner of Twenty first street. Here are deposited many rare dramatic relics, old playbills, pictures and books relating to the stage. There is the nucleus of a dramatic library, too, which some day, it is hoped, will expand to interesting proportions. A number of leading stars, who have spent years in collecting books concerning their profession and its history have signified the intention of bequeathing them to the fund.—*Harrison Grey Fiske in the New York Star.*

#### Drilling "Supes."

It is often in the power of intelligent supernumeraries to enhance the effectiveness of a scene with appropriate by-play or well-placed action. It seldom happens, because the material of which "supes" are made is usually drawn from very varied sources, possessed of little other knowledge of the histrionic art than can be picked up while on duty as "grips" at the wings or in the flies. Sometimes, indeed, persons of natural stage abilities begin at this lowest rung of the ladder and, by industrious work, acquire the practical knowledge so requisite for the attainment of higher rank. As to ladies, in these days of sensation jumps from the drawing-room or boarding-school to the region of the asteroids, there are fewer who go through this wholesome apprenticeship; and it must be admitted that for both sexes the extent and important facilities of the modern amateur stage have afforded too many the means of practising the rudiments of the art in a more pleasant way than in being grouped with the class who hang about the stage doors to get a few odd quarters for silently posing a few nights in costumes belonging to the theatre, made to fit everybody, fitting nobody, and only kept agreeable by the wardrobe-keeper's camphor. The operation of the facilities by which the actors speaking lines manage to evade the "supe" staff at the beginning of their career leaves the lump of that useful class of humble workers of the stage more unlearned than ever, and the quasi military function of the "supe leader" more arduous than before.

Only those initiated into that vale of mystery, "behind the scene," can have any conception of the task the stage manager of a travelling company has in a country theatre to get a half-dozen people to comprehend, in the course, perhaps, of a few hours, even such a simple thing as standing in the right part of the stage, point a gun at the right time or at the right man, or laugh or groan at the right cue. It often takes weeks before a military recruit knows his right from his left foot. It is only in elaborate productions in populous centres that there is any time for drilling "supes" to any degree. Strange as it may appear, it not infrequently happens that stage managers find country "supes" the most apt in learning to do their work. This is easy of explanation. In the country the same people are about the stage right along, and are drilled for a different performance at least once a week. In this way they soon acquire something more than dummy postures. In a large city there is an element of restless change about the subordinate theatrical population, and the lower staff and the band of "supes" change like drops in a flowing stream.

If it be true that one of the roads to success in stage presentation is the perfect balance of the cast and the practice and experience of a few leading managers seem to stamp it as an axiom, then it is an error for managers to forget that the "supes" are a part of the cast, although they speak no lines. Nothing is more ludicrous or more jarring to effect than to see men and women stand about a stage, staring as soulless and stupid as tailors' blocks, and challenging very unfavorable comparison with John Till's clever marionettes.

Now turn the picture and see what can be done with the "supes." See to what perfection of drill Wilson Barrett got the crowds in Claudian. The street fight in the prologue was in its way a passage of fine art. The late Samuel Phelps was very exact in this matter. In his great Shakespearean re-

vivals he drilled the "supes" for weeks, until they were as perfect in their small parts as he himself was in his leading role. To this admirable drill and discipline was due much of the brilliant spectacular success of those revivals. Those who remember seeing the street crowds in Coriolanus and Julius Caesar will recall how vividly the spectator was transported into the actualities of ancient Rome. The battle-scenes in Henry V., Henry IV., and Richard I. realized the terrible hand-to-hand conflicts of the periods earlier than gunpowder. The crowds of glittering couriers in Henry VIII. moved about and bowed and saluted with the easy grace and dignity of the class they represented. The climax of Phelps' career was reached in the person of a "supe" of magnificent physique named Knight, an armorer by trade, who acted Trabonius in Julius Caesar, and who was nightly applauded for his fine stage work. He was also applauded for Huguenot in Richelieu.

Many curious and ludicrous things have happened through "supes"—enough to fill a book. Once when Forrest, at the old Broadway Theatre, was playing Metamora—as he came on, gun in hand, exclaiming: "Which of you two have lived too long?" the "supe" he addressed pointed to the leader of the orchestra and shouted, "Shoot that old buster there; he's lived too long!" Forrest's rage was unbounded, and at the close of the scene the "supe" was well advised to "scoot."

The celebrated Frederick Robson, whose career upon the boards was all too short for the art, was a "supe" at Conquest's Eagle Theatre in London, and rose from that position by a sort of accident. He was standing as Atlas with the world upon his shoulders, when the ball rolled off and bowed to the footlights. The self-possession and comic vim with which he walked after it and told the audience that the world was too heavy for him, was so striking for him next morning and put him into parts. Allen, the pantomimist, a small-part actor at Brighton, in England, was once cast for the murderer in the player scene of Hamlet. Forgetting the lines, he astonished the audience with: "Thoughts black! Hands black! Everything black! [Pause.] Nobody looking, nobody here! Pour this old fakement into the old bloke's ear." Another time a small-part actor broke up the company and convulsed the audience by promptly declaring: "Thrice has Phoebe's salt-cake gone around!" The late Sol Smith used to tell a story of his experience as an "auxiliary" when he was about fifteen years of age. One night he had made up with burnt-cork and oil to be an associate of the renowned Three-Fingered Jack. It was late when the performance was over, and he forgot to wash his face. He went home and to bed, and in the morning overslept himself. His seat being vacant at breakfast, a servant was sent to awaken him. When she saw his black face peeping from the bedclothes, the poor girl rushed down three steps at a time, screaming out that "there was a nigger in Sol's bed!" This startling announcement took the entire household to his room, where the surreptitious "supe" business had to be explained, and Sol visited the playhouse no more that Winter.

Appropos of the subject of drilling auxiliaries, it is strange that very few theatres have any kind of convenience for the purpose. There is an exception to this in the Hyperion Theatre at New Haven, which has two fine rooms, sixty feet long by about twenty broad, for the express purpose of drill-rooms. But behind the scenes it is one of the most commodious theatres in the country, and a battalion of auxiliaries or a large ballet might be drilled in its spacious precincts.

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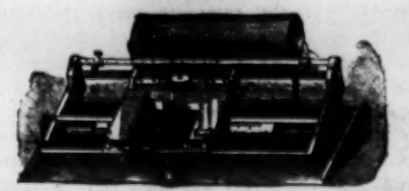
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## London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Dec. 15.

It is rumored darkly in political editorials and other uninteresting sources of information that a "revival of trade" is either "on" or imminent. If the rumors mean theatrical trade, they are not far out, but I don't mean business in front of the house. In that, as is usual at this time of year, there is for the present a lull, for most folk are saving up to go in for a burst during the Christmas holidays. But all trades which live out of the players and their employers are just now working double tides. Costumers, wig-makers, scene-painters, limelight-fakers and stage-managerial sharps of all denominations are working night and day to complete the large orders which have been given them by London and provincial pantomime and extravaganza producers.

There will be two pantomimes at the West End this year, Freeman Thomas and W. T. Purkiss having resolved to oppose Augustus Drurion with "an old-fashioned English pantomime" at Covent Garden. This of itself is enough to flutter the devotees of histrionic haberdashery.

Then there is the new Empire, which is to open next Thursday as a gorgeous variety show, with two big ballets which it is hoped (by the openers) will cause the Alhambra directorate to feel sick and the Alhambra shareholders to try to get out of their holdings with all possible speed. Finally, there is the Gaity burlesque, *Frankenstein*, which is to be produced on Christmas eve on a scale of unexampled splendor and magnificence. With all this it is not wonderful that the "staff" and rank-and-file of the army of theatrical workers are having flush times just now, and that the theatrical pubs in and about Bow street, Russell street and the surrounding neighborhood are doing "pantomime business" to the tune of innumerable barrels a month.

All this storm and stress is not without effect upon him whose business it is to flit hither and thither, from theatre to theatre, not so much seeking whom he may devour, as what unconsidered trifles in the way of information he may be able to snap up for the instruction or amusement of his readers. When to it is added a plague of matinees like that with which we have been afflicted this week, the unhappy man's lot is less tolerable and more difficult to be endured than ever. This week there have been five up to now, and there are more to follow. Also a couple of new melodramas have been turned on at the Grand and the Princess respectively. When I say that the last-named of these deathless works is Bartley Campbell's *Siberia*, and that I sat the same out last night, even unto the bitter end, MIRROR readers will be the better able to appreciate the limp and listless condition to which their faithful "Gawain" has this week been reduced. Of course the people on your side know all about the plot of poor Bartley's six act horror, so I won't go over the ground again. But I marvel that shrewd, clever folk like Miss Hawthorne and "Husker" Kelly, her manager, should, after their recent experience of the peculiarities and predilection of London playgoers, ever have imagined that such a piece would have any chance at a West-end theatre. Of course I may be all wrong, and the good-tempered, jocular tolerance of the audience last night may have really meant hearty appreciation of the show. But I fancy Grace thinks with me, for when she came before the curtain at the finish she shook her head with a sad smile and wouldn't be drawn for a speech—nohow!

Whatever the fate of *Siberia* at the Princess, I will make bold to say that it is as incoherent as hasty pudding and wordy and dull beyond compare. Its one claim on recognition is that each of its six acts has been provided with a tolerably strong curtain. When you have said that you have said all, and seeing that the stuff which is nailed up around said curtains is but the merest bombast, this isn't saying too much, anyway.

The play was well mounted, and the cast was, on the whole, better than it deserved. You will be glad to know that the American members of the company secured the most genuine triumph of the evening, and that they got their recognition not merely from the American newspaper folk—hordes of whom had come in "on their countenances," as the saying is—but from the British public. Of them more anon. The beautiful but somewhat beefy Jack Barnes made a good show with the part of Nickolai, and W. L. Abingdon and Bassett Roe were sufficiently repulsive and relentless as the villains Jarocoff and Smoloff. Grace Hawthorne and Mary Rorke played the Jewish sisters Sara and Marie, and both were charming. Grace had plenty of "fat" and made the most of it. But Edwin Cleary and Bertie Willis, as Count Stanislas and Countess Phedora made the most decided hit of the piece—in the farewell scene at the end of the fourth act. The situation is very fine, and the players spoke their lines with appropriate feeling and excellent business. Their success was achieved in spite of Cleary's absurdly hideous make-up, which he ought to have been made to wash off and swallow, there and then. I don't know whether Miss Willis is American, but her speech betrayeth her for such. Alice Chandos also did well in the small part of Drovna. *Siberia* has many faults, but chief among them is the fact that it has too many speaking parts and that most of them have too much to say.

The first matinee of the week was given at the Prince of Wales' on Tuesday by William Herbert, who was for some little while a member of your Mr. Wallack's company, I believe. The play was by Henry Hamilton

and Mark Quinta and was called *Handfast*. It was in a prologue and three acts and lasted nearly four hours! The story showed how two villains anxious to share certain estates, conspired to hurry on the death of an invalid, who was really entitled to the property. This invalid, finding himself dying, arranged for a death-bed marriage with one of his lady friends, in order that she might inherit his property. In order to prevent this the aforesaid villains caused an Eastern poison to be introduced into the invalid's brandy. But, lo, in the twinkling of an eye, the drug was found to have cured the sufferer. Just as it had done in other plays. Thus for the prologue. In the play proper, which was dated two years later, we learnt that the wife whom the invalid (now Earl Cirencester) had so suddenly married had disappeared, and was supposed to have been drowned in the broad Atlantic. But, of course, she wasn't. She turned up at Naples where this scene of the play was laid, add of course nobody recollected her. The Earl straightway fell in love with her, whereupon the before-mentioned villainous pair caused a French admirer of Madame's, the Comte de Preville, a dead shot, to insult Madame in order that Cirencester should strike the Comte and then be called out and shot. Their plot succeeded up to as far as the challenging. But, the Comte being called away on domestic business, the duel is postponed for awhile, and in the meantime the Earl finds out that the Madame is his long-lost wife, and the Comte finds out that the Earl is the young man who saved his (the Comte's) child from drowning a few years ago, whereupon the Comte calls out villain No. 1 instead and shoots him. But just before this and immediately on the Earl discovering that Madame de L. is his wife comes an awful anti-climax, showing that the Madame's previous husband has turned up alive and that he is really the heir to the Cirencester estates. Whereupon villain No. 2, set on by villain No. 1, gets into the same railway carriage in which the heir is coming to claim his property, and stabs him to death, and then is allowed to fly uncaptured. Eventually all ends happily for the virtuous and unhappily for some of the vicious.

The story of the play, although often exceedingly powerful, was full of absurd surprises and anti-climaxes. If these were removed a good play might result, for the dialogue, especially in the serious and light comedy love-scenes, is as well written as anything I have met for some years. The heroine was forcibly played by Caroline Hill, who thus made her first appearance in London since her five years' stay in America. She displayed some wonderful dresses. York Stephens was interesting, but jerky as the Earl, and George Giddens made a bit as an old lawyer. W. Herbert played admirably as the French Count, and Matthew Brodie and little Miss Norreys were both good as the light comedy lovers. But the bit of the piece was made as the cowardly villain No. 2, by Cyril Maude, the betrothed of fair Winifred Emery.

There were two matinees on Wednesday—Fred. Lyster and Paul Heriot's three-act drama, *Siberia*, at the Novelty; and Arthur Goodrich's four-act drama, *The Calthorpe Case*, at the Vaudeville. The Novelty show was specially organized by Miss Cooper-Parr (a grand-niece of good old Fennimore Cooper, the novelist) in order to introduce herself to the British public, and she cast herself for the name-part. *Siberia* is a French adventure, and therefore has throughout to portray strong emotions in very much broken English. Clifford Ormonde is an English gentleman who formerly *lived* with *Siberia*, but who has since secretly married a young lady named Amy. They are happy till *Siberia* turns up and, producing a forged certificate, declares that she is Ormonde's lawful wife. At the same time Mr. O'Donoghue More, an old sweetheart of Amy's turns up and complicates possibilities. Amy flies. Ormonde is struck by lightning and loses his memory. There is much agony for awhile, but by and by *Siberia* in attempting to shoot Amy mortally wounds herself and thus all ends happily. Miss Cooper-Parr is a very tall young lady of handsome, striking appearance and graceful carriage. Her debut was on the whole successful. The support was pretty good, but the rest of the characters were merely lay figures.

At the Vaudeville yesterday afternoon *The Calthorpe Case* was produced for the benefit of the author, Arthur Goodrich, who has for some time been nearly blind, but has just partly recovered his sight, thanks to a really marvelous operation performed by Dr. Anderson Critchett, one of our best oculists, a sincere friend to the profession and brother to R. C. Carton, who is husband to Edward Compton's sister Kate and part author of *The Great Pink Pearl* and *The Pointsmen*.

I should like to tell you the story of *The Calthorpe Case*, which, despite certain defects, is full of interest, but also time and space are both limited. I need only say, therefore, that the main point shows how a fraudulent lawyer, intrusted to discover a long lost child of a certain wealthy magnate, passes his own step-daughter off as the real person and so causes all sorts of alarms and excursions both as to the financial and the love interest. With alterations, poor Goodrich, who has done some excellent work before, both as player and playwright, may yet derive gain from the *Calthorpe Case*. The cast was very powerful and included Robert Pateman, Fred Thorne, Rutland Barrington, Maud Meillon and Fanny Brough.

There were also a couple of matinees today, *The Wave of War* at Terry's, and *Proposals* at the Vaudeville. I saw one of these and my other self saw the other. Would that we both had made other arrangements. Neither piece proved fit for anything but fuel.

Jennie "Jo" Lee has this week commissioned Richard Henry to write her a four-act drama for starring purposes. The drama is to be a story of Liverpool and London life, with a somewhat more cheery tone, so far as regards the leading part, than had been the case with Miss Lee's previous well-known impersonations. It is due for production in the English provinces at the end of February.

GAWAIN.

The offices of Hayden, Dixon and Roberts have not been secured by Randall and Frohman's bureau, in consequence of Nick Roberts refusing to give up the entire office. The Randall bureau, desiring offices exclusively, will seek other quarters.

## The Mission of the Stage.

"Thank God for the inestimable boon of the theatre," I heard a weary woman exclaim a few days ago, and from my heart I echoed and indorsed that sentiment.

My mind following a train of thought suggested by her remark, I felt more strongly convinced than ever before, that not only was to-day's theatre one of the greatest outgrowths of progressive civilization, but also the kind, helpful hand, which has led thousands of blind followers up into the light, and away from the valleys of despair and death.

Hundreds of women to-day will turn to a tear-stained page in their book of life, and remember again the mute utterances of a restless heart which has prayed and longed for the night, and the few blissful hours wherein they could drink from the soothing waters of forgetfulness, springing within the shadow of the blessed, welcome theatre; that temple dedicated to fame and art; where for a time domestic sorrow is cast aside in the pleasurable excitement of the stage, where bitterness and pain submerged in the higher labor of the mind striving to approach the ideal, soothes into repose the turbulent stream of thoughts, and pointing to one lofty summit, whispers to all onward! Upward! There is a goal to reach, and the prize of a name to be won. What though dark shadows, crowding around you thick and close, threaten to envelop and destroy? Cast off the gloom and the realities of life with its golden promises; the laurel wreath awaits her who will but work and strive, proving constant to herself and to her divine art. Thus, in the sweet whispers of an ambitious hope, the minor pains and cares of prosy life are again lulled to sleep, so to woman, especially, the excitement and work of the stage proves a panacea for a host of ills.

The usages of old custom having ordained that man was free to wander wheresoever his sweet will dictated, also insisted that woman's province was bounded within the narrow restrictions of domesticity; but the theatre, with bold hand and firm tread, loosened the chains forged by despotic opinion, overthrew the barrier erected by custom, and bidding captive woman don her armor, led her into the field of active strife, and bade her, by right of her own individuality and force of intellectual character, wrest from the stronger sex some of life's great prizes, and vie with him in the battle for trophies of glory and fame.

No class of women living can compare in brilliancy of mind or character with the ladies of the stage. The fact that she must earn her bread and fight her own way through the world develops independence in thought and action, imparts firmness of character, while the refined influence attendant upon her art, together with the mental study and close application which art requires from every devoted student, renders the development of the mind more perfect than is the case in other walks of life. In short, the true woman of the stage is fitted by right of her accomplishments and culture, to gracefully adorn any station, thanks to the theatre, her foster-mother; and the greatest eulogy that can be bestowed upon it is to note the progression of art and noble examples, illustrated by its shining ornaments.

So with my sister professional I repeat, God bless and prosper the stage for the good it has done mankind, and render it higher and loftier each succeeding year, together with its votaries and true adherents, that they may, in the great march of Time, prove more fully qualified, morally and mentally, to worship at the sacred shrine of the goddess of our art, and be wholly fitted to expound her divine teachings. Let the profession also congratulate itself, that it can claim as its own and sole prerogative, our dear NEW YORK MIRROR, the literary dew drop of the profession, justly termed a MIRROR, for in it is truthfully reflected the movements, proudly recorded the triumphs of the votaries of the stage. It brings our vast family together to-day, through the medium of its bright, intelligent pages. Like the art, to which it is devoted, may THE MIRROR continue to flourish and expand, gaining new strength and beauty every year.

JOHNSTONE BENNETT.

## Professional Doings.

—Ada Draves does not go with the Jollities company.

—S. H. Cohen, late of Clio, has returned to the city from New Orleans.

—It is said that Gilmore's Devil's Auction closes season in Philadelphia at the end of this week.

—A testimonial benefit to Lester Wallace will be given at the Grand Opera House in May next.

—Manager R. E. J. Miles is in Cincinnati, where he will remain during the holidays with his family.

—N. D. Roberts asks us to correct the statement that Messrs. Randall and Frohman have taken offices at 1,165 Broadway.

—John Saunders is under special engagement to Jennie Cleary, and also to appear in Town Lots, a new farce-comedy, at the Windsor Theatre, Chicago, on Jan. 31.

—Thomas F. McCabe is now playing the leading role of the curate, George Brand, in Jacobs' *Wages of Sin* company. He speaks of having a comfortable engagement.

—On Christmas eve, at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston, the members of Hyde's Big Specialty company presented their manager, James Hyde, with a solid silver tea-set.

—W. A. Brady's dramatization of *She* was given a first production at Los Angeles, Cal., on December 4. Charlotte Zittel appeared as Aycasha (She) and Laura Bigger as Ustane.

—Everyone of H. R. Jacobs' employees received a turkey as a Christmas gift. Mr. Jacobs in this manner disposed of over one thousand turkeys, as not a man on the entire circuit was forgotten.

—William S. Moore, manager of the New People's Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane on Christmas Eve. It came from Stibel and Fabbrani the proprietor of the theatre.

—Kate Pattison, of Mrs. Langtry's company, has just been enmeshed in wedlock. The groom is Morton Selten, of Rosina Volkes' company. The bride is temporarily absent from her company during the honeymoon.

—Manager Henry Greenwall telegraphs from Dallas, Texas, he can prove the Grand Opera House at New Orleans has not suffered any loss, through its former treasurer, and in no way through the present treasurer, as was reported last week.

—In Albany, on Dec. 12, at the banquet of Albany Lodge, No. 49, B. F. O. Eli, Brother F. F. Proctor, of the firm of Jacobs and Proctor, was presented with a very handsome diamond-studded locket of the Order. The presentation was made by District Attorney D. Cady Herrick in behalf of the members of the lodge.

—A. M. Palmer will inaugurate a series of concerts next Wednesday afternoon by the Madison Square Concert company, consisting of Mrs. Imogene Brown, soprano; Lizzie Macintosh, contralto; C. C. Ferguson, tenor; Francis Walter, basso, and William E. Taylor, director.

—The rehearsals of *Featherbrain* at the Lyceum Theatre end this week and those for the new Russian play begin next week. Five handsome pictures of the principal scenes in *The Wife* have been taken recently by a Boston photographer named Stebbins by the aid of both electric and calcium lights.

## MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

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## THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

## New York Mirror.

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## PORTRAITS:

A. M. Palmer (in colors).—Robert Downing as *Spartacus*.—Kitty Cheatham.—Kitty Rhoades.—Sibyl Johnstone.—Sydney Armstrong.—E. H. Van Vughten.—Joseph Howard, Jr.—Johnstone Bennett.—Frederick de Belleville.—T. D. Frawley.—Emma R. Steiner.—John Hazelrigg.

The Christmas Number consists of 38 pages. It is printed from new type on heavy super-calendered book-paper, and is enclosed in an artistic lithographed cover.

Price Twenty-Five Cents. For Sale by all Dealers. Copies mailed post-free on receipt of price from the Office of Publication, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-First Street, New York.



## Professional Doings.

A benefit will be given to John P. Smith on Sunday, Jan. 8. Among the volunteers are Bill Nye, A. Minor, Grissold, Robert Hillard, the Timotei, Harry Kennedy and others. Boxes have been taken by A. M. Palmer, Stuart Roberts, Florence for \$500 each, and the New York Lodge of Elks has taken one seat at the same price.

—Marcus J. Jacobs, son of H. R. Jacobs, of Jacobs and Proctor, has been given the financial direction of the following four houses: Grand Opera House, Newark; Grand Opera House, Hoboken; the Paterson (N. J.) Opera House, and the Third Avenue Theatre, this city. Encouraged by Jacobs senior, Jacobs junior is pushing to the front as an active factor in his father's business interests. He has had good business training, and is well qualified for the responsibilities he has shouldered.

—The Herald of Sunday, Dec. 25, speaks of the Ravel family as first coming to this country in 1850. The veteran Dr. Kane, who is nothing if not remiss, takes exception and gives this Mirror the benefit thereof. He says: "I remember the Ravel family at the Park Theatre, City of New York, in the Fall of 1852. They were in high favor at Niblo's—when it was really a garden in 1852-53, and appeared in a pantomime entitled *Godsend*; or, *The Bisters of Wilna*. Gabriel Ravel put rollers on a pair of common skates, and his graceful movements about the stage created a sensation. He is entitled to be known as the first roller-skater. Meyerbeer afterward produced his grand opera, *The Prophet*, in Paris, and rollers were used in a skating scene. I claim the roller-skate as an American institution."

—W. L. Allen, manager of The Main Line, came over the Big Bridge in the storm of yesterday, and meeting a Mirror reporter, dilated upon the revival of the Lyceum success at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. "We opened to very gratifying business in two Christmas performances," he said, "and if Jupiter Pluvius lets up there will be no doubt about the financial result of the eleven performances. Even Mr. De Mille, the author, admits that the present is the best cast the line has yet had. I am especially pleased with the reception the play has received at the hands of the Brooklyn critics, one and all. We will make a tour of the larger Eastern cities, opening at Buffalo in January, and playing Boston, Baltimore, Washington and so on. We have decided upon a summer season in New York, and have a choice of three leading theatres. The one at which the best terms can be made, all other conditions being favorable, will be selected. Mr. De Mille is at work on further improvement of the play—influencing more comedy and strengthening the climaxes. The scenery and mechanical effects will be all as new, and may possibly be crowded to one car. If we see a chance to still further strengthen the cast, we shall not hesitate to do so. But, as I said before, it is very strong as it stands."

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*Wheeling News Letter:* Mr. T. D. Frawley's personation of Steve Harland is one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen on the stage.

*Glean Falls Times:* Mr. T. D. Frawley gave us a very realistic piece of acting as Steve Harland.

*Manfield Herald:* Mr. Frawley, as Steve Harland, gave a fine, manly performance, well in keeping with his part.

*Titusville Herald:* Mr. T. D. Frawley, who plays Steve Harland, is one of the most remarkable young actors of the present day. There is a "magnetic something" about his acting that entrances one—a naturalness that shows a close study of human nature. There is positively nothing lacking in the gentleman's performance of this most difficult character.

*Oh City Herald:* Mr. T. D. Frawley, the young man who plays Steve Harland, has a good voice and fine control over his actions.

*Rome Sentinel:* Mr. T. D. Frawley, who plays Steve Harland, the man who deceives May Blossom as to the fate of her lover, and afterward marries her, has a very difficult part, and he plays it well.

*Cambridge (O.) Times:* T. D. Frawley, who plays Steve Harland, is an actor of rare finish and personal magnetism, whose general repose and repression give much intensity to his part and add sensibly to the heights of passion to which he attains.

*Pittsburg Leader (Sharon Co.):* The honors were taken by Mr. T. D. Frawley, who did some fine acting as Steve Harland.

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